REGISTERED No. M. 2372

PRICE 6 PIES

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION
INLAND:

	Local	Mofussil
PER ANNUM	Rs. 2-0	Rs. 2-8
PER HALF YEAR	Rs. 1-4	Rs. 1-6

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION
FOREIGN:

PER ANNUM	Rs. 3-8
PER HALF YEAR	Rs. 2-0

The Sunday Observer

VOL. I MADRAS, SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1933 NO. 17.

WEEKLY HARVEST OF WISDOM

(BY K. M. B.)

The deadening blow of the German dictator has spared not even the sacred precincts of the Universities. The process of 'cleansing' the kingdom of undesirables has not left the walls of the various universities untouched. An enviable galaxy of intellectual giants—all men of science and literature that would adorn any country to its eternal beauty and renown has been ruthlessly driven out of Germany. Professor Friedman Professor Dr. Blumenthal authority on cancer, Professor Max Liebermann for years the President of the Academy of Arts, Professor Haber whose usefulness to Germany has been remarkably valuable and varied and Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld who recently toured India are only some of the many great men of international reputation who have been forced to leave Germany by this benevolent regime. There is an emigration of the learned such as the one that took place in Europe on the eve of the Renaissance. Already Paris, Brussels Prague and Moscow universities have availed themselves of this splendid opportunity to enrich themselves by inviting these abandoned treasures to them. Egypt, according to the "Hindu" correspondent of Prague has decided to take up 200 scientists on the 'retirement' list in Germany. Now lies the chance for India too. Will she invite a few of these eminent scientists who can help the progress of the Indian renaissance with all their erudition and earnest work?

* * *

Whenever the Self-Respectors declare a campaign against all religions, the Roman Catholics are the first people to cry themselves hoarse with raised hands "Religion in danger" and rush to the battle-field with all their dialectical arms to fight the foes. In their fit of enthusiasm to defend their own faith they would fain forget for the present the world of difference between their own religion and Hinduism, Mohamadanism etc. They would pretend to fight for the common cause of religion as such and would raise the battle cry and vociferously implore the other religionists to join their banner and fight the common foe. But the moment the common foe ceases to oppress them with his dreadful presence, the catholics begin to shine in their true colours and attempt to crush and stamp out other rival religions with a more deadly and diabolical effort than the iconoclasts are ever capable of towards religion in general. No doubt by such actions they are only undermining the position not only of their own religion but of other religions. But it only shows their hypocrisy and opportunism.

News comes from Tenkasi in Tinnevelly District that the celebration of the Kodai festival of the Chelliammankoil was sought to be obstructed by the Roman Catholics of the place by means of a prohibitory order obtained from the local Magistrate. The ground of objection is alleged to be that a breach of peace was likely in view of the disturbance that the playing of music might cause to the church-attending Catholics. The order, however, on appeal has been cancelled and the Hindus have been permitted to perform their festival as usual.

Now we do not want to hold brief for the Hindus. But what we are shocked to hear is the attitude of these divine, merciful and tolerant Catholics towards another religion with whom it is not ashamed to make common cause in fighting against the iconoclastic Self-Respectors. Do the catholics want to stamp out other religions and plant their own, unhampered by the Common foe from all sides? If only the other religionists had an atom of good sense they could easily see through this skilled game of hypocrisy. What the Catholics obviously want is not the prevention of the destruction of Hindu faith but the accomplishment of such a destruction by their own hands. In other words they are too sincere and Zealous a set of Christians to permit the eradication of Hinduism by the unholy and unbaptised hand of the Self-Respectors. That holy crusade must needs be carried on by true followers of Christ like themselves. Then alone will both the destroyer and destroyed get admission to heaven. What a noble and benevolent and christian-like attitude this is! I can only warn the Roman Catholics that this game cannot for long be played with success. If ever they are capable of existing as a religion let them try to do it by living a truly christian and benevolent life of real love, good will and toleration. 'There are other sheep of mine which are not of this fold' has said their Lord. Let them ever bear it in mind. There can be no reservation of seats for high class Catholics in heaven and the last place therin for their untouchables. The kind of intolerance that they have exhibited at Tinnevelly only shows their bankruptcy of true Christianity!

* * *

Charges and counter charges of favouritism and nepotism and even corruption are common enough among the politicians of different parties all the world over. Nearer at home our Madras Council itself has provided us enough of mirth by such grave accusation of the party in power by the disgruntled and at times really honest politicians on the Opposition. But such accusations have always been clothed in witty and moderate words that often have enlivened the Council. Hardly any bad blood has been created. With the last word of such a grave charge hardly pronounced the accuser in our council would emerge out of the Council Chamber and good-humouredly ask the ministers how they relished them all!

But when we look at the way the supposedly more advanced Deputies in the Irish Dail settle their differences, we are tempted to feel that Madras Council can give them the benifit of a course of lecture on parliamentary demeanour. Mr. Dillon accused Mr. Aiken the Minister for Defence of having dismissed an undesirable Land Inspector and appointed his own favourite in his place. An exchange of hot words ensued and challenges were thrown across the floor. When they emerged from the lobby "Deputies of rival parties grappled and hit out at each other. "The Captain of the Guards and the other Deputies restored order. This is Self-Government with a vengeance indeed! But India need not despair. Whatever else may be common between Ireland and India Parliamentary demeanour is certainly not the same thing for both the countries!

* * * *

The problem of unemployment is no doubt a common feature of all countries to-day. But the methods of solution of the same are not the same everywhere By far the most novel and most interesting method of solving this crying problem is adopted by that wonderful land of Germany, which is to-day the cynosure of all the eyes due to more reasons than one. No doubt an appeal has been made for voluntary subscriptions to the National fund to create work. But the cabinet of Hitler has conceived another plan by which two birds are killed with one stone. Not only is the crying problem of unemployment solved considerably but also the women of Germany would be restored to their proper "sphere at home." The Government would generously extend loans to couples who get married and would tax the unmarried persons. Married women too should not seek employment.

While women in all other countries are more and more developing a dislike for marriage and are leading a Bohemian life taking to various professions, Germany is just reversing the process. No doubt it is a good experiment. But I wonder how many among the emancipated eve of other countries would meekly submit to this forced infliction of marriage on them by the State. Nevertheless, the German married women would be provided with good earning husbands, state loans and plenty of leisure. And what else would any modern woman desire to make her life the happiest possible in this unhappy world!

* * * *

That the educated young men studying in universities are always and everywhere disinclined to, if not incapable of physical work and hard manual labour is one of the many popular notions in the world. And the behaviour of these caltured cults too has been such in general as to give some justification for such an impression. But events of late have gone far to dispel this popular notion. An entire university in Shangai is said to have closed its doors

(Continued on page 8)

LEADERSHIP

Following the success of any pioneer, there soon springs up a host of imitators. Claims become louder......promises become greater......and in the confusion, HONESTY and RIGHT SERVICE are lost sight of.

The success of this House rests upon a solid foundation ever strengthened by its unique adherence to a system— —so rare in the East——"ONE—PRICE—TO—ALL." And it enjoys the confidence of the whole Indian Nation from Kashmir to Cape Comorin, and Burma, as being a most dependable Diamond House.

that continues to be
LEADERSHIP

Jewellery Buying is a JOY at this Store.

SURAJMAL'S

JEWELLERS

SINCE 1895

313, Esplanade, MADRAS.

BOMBAY. RANGOON. TRICHY. ANTWERP.

SREEMATHI LILAVATI'S OPEN LETTER TO GANDHIJI

MAHATMAJI?

You have now completed your fast of 21 days. Thousands of people are sending you their heartfelt greetings. Men like Tagore and Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya have expressed their sense of relief that you have been providentially spared for future work.

NON-COOPERATION

I must admit—and this is an opportunity when one could give vent to one's feelings—that I felt doubtful about the necessity and desirability of your fast. I am one of those who followed you through thick and thin, because we felt that under your able guidance we shall soon see the promised land of liberty. In the days of non-co-operation movement you asked us to leave our schools and colleges and engage in national work. Looking back upon that period, I asked myself the question what has been achieved, under your leadership, by following a consistent policy of non-co-operation? The Montford Reforms were forced upon us although the Swarajists whom you were obliged to give your grudging support, made dyarchy unworkable in certain provinces; what is the upshot of it all? I know for certain that the Swarajists could have achieved greater success, if there were no split in the Congress on the issue of Council-entry. When the Swarajists made up their mind to contest the elections and secure a majority, some of your own "no change" followers worked against them and in certain provinces even actively helped reactionary elements to come into power. Be that as it may, we cannot be blind to the fact that your non-co-operation did not bring us a whit nearer to our cherished political goal.

CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE

Again in 1930 you initiated the campaign of civil disobedience and we all followed you in your noble determination to win Swaraj or die in the attempt. When the movement was at its height and people's energy still unspent, you offered to make truce with the Government. The truce was made but the terms of the Gandhi-Irwin Pact were derogatory to the Congress if not actually humiliating. After the truce you went to England to participate in the deliberations of the Second Round Table Conference. On the eve of your departure, by your various gestures, you fostered the illusion in the minds of the people that you were winning for them independence. People gave up the very idea of the struggle; they rested on their oars waiting for their hero to come with the gift of Swaraj in his pocket.

YOUR TRIP TO ENGLAND

What did you achieve in England? Nothing. You went there as the sole dictator of the Congress and as such you had a splendid opportunity of coming to a workable agreement with the Muslims. You backed out of it at the eleventh hour saying that you could not possibly guarantee that the Congress would ratify your personal agreement with the Muslims. You were obviously inspired by the same communalist attitude of the Hindu Mahasabha which generally distinguishes our friend, Dr. Munje, because your statesmanship failed at this most critical period, the Premier's Communal Award was forced upon us. And we have to thank you for this.

After you returned from England empty-handed, you knew that the Government, taking advantage of the respite afforded by the truce, had recovered its lost position and was prepared to take drastic action against the revival of Civil Disobedience. The people on the other hand were unprepared. You should have prevailed upon the Working Committee of the Congress *not* to restart Civil Disobedience; but here again your statesmanship failed. The movement was started and it was crushed before it had any leeway. You knew that your tactics failed and Government scored a complete victory. You found yourself confronted with a deadlock. The movement was practically at a standstill and the Government stubbornly refused to make a peace gesture. You found yourself in a tight corner. How did you get out of it? By starting your September fast and diverting the attention of the people from political to the socio-religious movement for the uplift of the Depressed Classes. I am not fond of using invective but to-day there are thousands of young women who would not hesitate to characterise this action of yours as a base betrayal.

21 DAYS' FAST

The matter does not end here. I have reasons to believe that you carried on negotiations with the Government behind the prison bars and the letter published by the "Chronicle" lends colour to this suspicion. If the letter was forged why don't you come out and denounce the letter openly? The "Chronicle" also has again and again asserted that the substance if not the language of the letter was true.

After some time you decide, all on a sudden to undertake 21 days' fast for self-purification. The Government not being willing to accept responsibility for the consequences of your contemplated step released you unconditionally while making it clear that your release had no political significance; but you were anxious to claim your release as a personal victory over the Government and immediately you issued your statement suspending Civil Disobedience for six weeks; but the Government seems to have mastered your psychology perfectly and they did not want to leave any loophole for you to escape. The Government point of view seems to be something like this, "Mr. Gandhi must know that his movement has failed and still in order to preserve the illusion of victory, he is adopting all sorts of tricks to get out of an awkward situation. Well, we are not going to let him do it. Let him make a full confession of his failure and then we shall see." Apart from the Government point of view the most statesmanly course you could have adopted was to come out openly and tell the people that your old methods have failed and it is necessary to adopt a new policy and a new programme. You did nothing of the kind and it looks as if you are depending upon your so-called moral and spiritual greatness to have your political failures condoned; but Mahatmaji, it will not do. If you do recognise the necessity of a new programme of action, the best thing you can do is to retire from politics and devote yourself heart and soul to the Harijan Movement for which you are eminently fitted.

FOURTEEN YEARS OF YOUR LEADERSHIP

During the last fourteen years of your political leadership, we have gained nothing. Just as the Montague-Chelmsford Reforms were forced upon us, the new Reforms also will be thrust down our throats and you cannot prevent it. We must wait for another leader who will rise up in our midst and breaking through the labyrinth of mystical and mythical ideology you have created, will successfully tackle our main political problem and show us a new way to freedom. Till then the present deadlock will continue and again we have to thank you for it.

Yours, etc.,

LILAVATI.

THE SOUTH INDIA CO-OPERATIVE INSURANCE SOCIETY, Ltd., ESPLANADE, MADRAS.

Approved by the Inspector of Local Boards for diversion of Provident Fund.

Branches attached to Co-operative Institutions all over the Presidency.

LOW PREMIA.

All kinds of Life Assurance undertaken from Rs. 100/- to Rs. 5,000.

Apply to:—Post Box No. 182, Madras.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

SPECIAL MEETING OF THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL, CONJEEVERAM.

SIR—The Chairman of the Municipal Council, having refused to call for a Special Meeting, for reconsidering the Resolution of the Council dated 16—11—1932, concerning the termination of the probation of the Electrical Engineer, Mr. M. Kalapesi, 11 Councillors who signed the requisition to the Chairman, themselves called for a meeting, under Rule 3, Clause 2, of Schedule 3, of the District Municipalities Act. The meeting was convened on 2—6—1933, at 5 P. M., as per notice. As both the Chairman and the Vice-Chairman were absent at the meeting, Mr. T. Venkatachariar was proposed to the Chair, by Mr. M. Poonuswami Mudaliar and the same was seconded by Mr. S. Govindarja Mudaliar. The presiding Member on taking the Chair, read the notice of the meeting to the Council. Rao Bahadur C. Sambasiva Chettiar then proposed "that this Council while cancelling the Resolution of the Council dated 16—11—1932, terminating the probation of the Electrical Engineer, Mr. M. Kalapesi and all consequential orders and acts of Chairman pertaining thereto, resolves that his probation be extended by six months, that is from 12—4—1933, in view of the fact that the termination of his probation arbitrarily after two years of service in this Municipality at a time when the service is about to be provincialized will cause him great hardship."

(b) that the Chairman be requested to give immediate effect to the above Resolution.

(c) that the presiding member of the meeting be authorised to communicate the aforesaid Resolution to:—1 the Chairman, Municipal council, Conjeeveram. 2. the Electrical Engineer, Mr. M. Kalapesi, 3 the Electrical Inspector to Government, 4. the Chief Engineer, Electrical Department, 5. the Collector, Madras, Chingleput District, 6. the Secretary, Local Self-Government, Madras.

Seconded by Mr. M. Poonuswami Mudaliar.

The proposal was put to vote and carried unanimously. Sixteen Councillors were present at the meeting.

Conjeeveram, 2—6—1933. | MUNICIPALITY

China breakages are a big item on an Atlantic liner. On an average voyage a big liner will require about 21,000 plates, 10,000 cups, and 12,000 glasses of all sorts.

Use Always for Ringworm Diseases

A. S. G. SAM'S RINGWORM SPECIFIC.

Rapid effect and a Radical Cure.

Skin affections known as Ringworm found in parts of the body, especially the waist, the inner thigh near the private parts leaving ugly marks, and itching and burning are the work of germs, which even bring on leprosy and Leucoderma. They should be cured with this **Solution** or **Ointment**. It kills all germs completely, heals the ruptured skin smoothens it and restores its original healthy appearance.

Ointment As. 6. Solution As. 6.

Apply to:—

Messrs. NEELA & CO., Royapetta, MADRAS.

WANTED AGENTS

DEAFNESS CURE

BY AYURVEDIC DOCTOR

T. DORASAWMY

This cures also humming noise and pain in the ears. **Price Re. 1.** This can be had from M. Toprani, General Merchant, Station Road, Secunderabad, Deccan.

BARAM'S 200 YEARS' CALENDAR FOR 1933—2133.

	Jan. & Oct.	Feb. Mar. & Nov.	Apr. & Jul.	May.	June.	August.	Sep. & Dec.
1933 1939 1950 1956* 1961 1967 1978 1984* 1989 1995 2006 2012* 2017 2023 2034 2040* 2045 2051 2062 2068* 2073 2079 2090 2096* 2101 2107 2118 2124* 2129	Sun.	Wed.	Sat.	Mon.	Thur.	Tue.	Fri.
1934 1940* 1945 1951 1962 1968* 1973 1979 1990 1996* 2001 2007 2018 2024* 2029 2035 2046 2052* 2057 2063 2074 2080* 2085 2091 2102 2108* 2113 2119 2130	Mon.	Thur.	Sun.	Tue.	Fri.	Wed.	Sat.
1935 1946 1952* 1957 1963 1974 1980* 1985 1991 2002 2008* 2013 2019 2030 2036* 2041 2047 2058 2064* 2069 2075 2086 2092* 2097 2103 2114 2120* 2125 2131	Tue.	Fri.	Mon.	Wed.	Sat.	Thur.	Sun.
1936* 1941 1947 1958 1964* 1969 1975 1986 1992* 1997 2003 2014 2020* 2025 2031 2042 2048* 2053 2059 2070 2076* 2081 2087 2098 2104* 2109 2015 2126 2132*	Wed.	Sat.	Tue.	Thur.	Sun.	Fri.	Mon.
1942 1948* 1953 1959 1970 1976* 1981 1987 1998 2004* 2009 2015 2026 2032* 2037 2043 2054 2060* 2065 2071 2082 2088* 2093 2099 2110 2116* 2121 2127 ...	Thur.	Sun.	Wed.	Fri.	Mon.	Sat.	Tue.
1937 1943 1954 1960* 1965 1971 1982 1988* 1993 1999 2010 2016* 2021 2027 2038 2044* 2049 2055 2066 2072* 2077 2083 2094 2100* 2105 2111 2122 2128* 2133	Fri.	Mon.	Thur.	Sat.	Tue.	Sun.	Wed.
1938 1944* 1949 1955 1966 1972* 1977 1983 1994 2000* 2005 2011 2022 2028* 2033 2039 2050 2056* 2061 2067 2078 2084* 2089 2095 2106 2112* 2117 2123 ...	Sat.	Tue.	Fri.	Sun.	Wed.	Mon.	Thur.

From this Calendar one can find out on what day the first of every month falls.
* Means Leap year and one day should be added to all months except January and February. In the year following Leap year one day should be added for January and February alone.

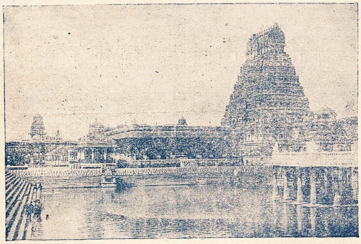
UNIVERSAL WISDOM

IN A NUTSHELL

(BY MR. P. Y. SESHAGIRI RAO)

Good actions are the most acceptable sacrifice.
Admiration accompanies respect, hatred fear.
Adversity willingly undergone is the greatest virtue.
Ambition is torment enough for an enemy.
Anger begins with folly and ends with repentence.
Avarice generally miscalculates and as generally deceives.
Personal beauty will fade, but the beauty of the mind endureth for ever.
Candour intentionally offends no one but is never servilely complaisant.
Firmness of character should ever be blended with sauvity of manners.
Charity is friendship in common, and friendship is charity inclosed.
Unchaste language is the surest index of an impure heart.
Clemency is the brightest Jewel in a crown.
Keep good company or none.
Cheerfulness is perfectly consistent with piety.
A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder.
Constancy and temperance strengthen virtue.
Content is the true philosopher's stone.
Courage consists in being resolute in a good cause.
Covetous men need money least, yet most effect it.
Death is deaf and hears no denial.
Deeds are fruits; words are but leaves.
Delights like physicians leave us when dying.
Contract your desires if you wish for independence.
Despair has ruined some, but presumption ruins multitudes.
Diligence is the parent of science, and the dispenser of excellence.
Difficulties to be surmounted, must be met with energy.
Discretion is better part of valour.
Dishonesty ruins both fame and fortune.
Drunkenness reduces a man below the standard of a brute.
Education polishes good dispositions, and corrects bad ones.
Emulation is one of the greatest incitements to application.
Envy like a vulture preyeth upon itself.
Ill examples are like contagious diseases.
Exercise by custom becomes an entertainment.
Fear unbalanced by hope is desperation.
Forgive others many things; yourself nothing.
In good fortune be moderate; in bad prudent.
Fortune is constant in nothing but inconstancy.
Friendship multiplies joys and divides griefs.
Frugality is a fair fortune, and industry a good estate.
Generosity would act oftener if she was oftener trusted.
Gentleness often disarms the fierce, and melts the stubborn.
Glory surviveth good men, death taketh not their crowns away.
Goodness always enriches the possessor.
Good-humour shows itself even in ill humour.
Gratitude is a property of which no one can rob the possession
Greatness may build the tomb, but goodness must have the epitaph.
Guilt is always suspicious and always in fear.
Happy is he who limits his wants to his necessities.
Hearts may agree though heads differ.
Honest men are easily bound, but you can never bind a Knave.
Hope is grief's best music.
Humility is the foundation of all virtue.
Honour and shame.
From no condition rise, act well your part
There all the honour lies.
Idleness is the sepulchre of a living man.
Inconstancy is the attendant of a weak mind.
Industry is a guard to innocence, and a bar to temptations.
Ingratitude is unpardonable, and dries up the fountain of all goodness.
The noblest remedy for injuries is oblivion.
Intemperance produces diseases, stupifies the Senses, and brutalises the mind.
In youth be temperate; in manhood just; in old age prudent.
Jealousy begetteth revenge; revenge nourisheth jealousy.
Judgment is the throne of prudence, and silence is its sanctuary.
Justice is godliness, and godliness is holy, fear and love.
Kindness is lost upon an ungrateful man.
Knowledge is the treasure, but judgment is the treasure of a wise man.
Labour brings pleasure, idleness pain.
Learning is wealth to the poor and an ornament to the rich.
Measure your life by acts of goodness not by years.
Solid love whose root is virtue, can no more die than virtue itself.
Malice seldom wants a mark to shoot at.
Let your manners be simple and your speech unaffected.
Mercy condemned turns to fury
Mildness governts better than anger
Misfortunes are the discipline of humanity
Modesty has more charms than beauty
Money may credit you, but it is wisdom that must adron you.
Opportunities neglected are irrecoverable
Pardon others often, thyself seldom.
He who masters his passions conquers his greatest enemy
Patience and Time run through the roughest day.
Peace flourishes where reason rules.
Perspicuity is the best kind of eloquence
Politeness is the science of civility
Pomp ruins families and leads to the corruption of manners.
Poverty is a self-instructing virtue
Power should not be employed to do wrong, but to punish the doers of wrong.
Praise not the unworthy though they roll in riches.
Prayer prevails against temptation.
Precepts may lead but examples draw.
Pride is the effect of self-ignorance.
Prosperity is no just scale; adversity is the only balance to weigh friends in.
Prudence guides the wise; but passion governs the foolish.
Punctuality begets confidence, and is the sure path to honour and respect.
Quietness and peace flourish where justice and reason govern.
Reason governs the wise man and cudgels the fool.
Reconcile enmities and cement friendships.
Rectitude of will is the greatest ornament of the mind
Reform those things in yourself that you blame in others
Religion is the ground work of salvation
Repentence is not a single act but a habit or virtue.
Reprove mildly and correct with caution
Resolution without foresight is but a temerarious folly.
Revenge not injuries but forgive them
Reverence the aged, and treat your juniors with kindness.
Riches gotten with craft are commonly lost with shame.
The fairest rose will wither at last
Royalty consists not in great pomp but in great virtues
Rule the appetite and temper the tongue.
Self-exaltation is the fool's paradise.
Self-interest is the rule, self-sacrifice the exception
Self-love is the mother of vanity.
Silence is a gift without peril, and a treasure without enemies.
Simplicity of life and manners produce tranquility of mind.
Sincerity is the soul of virtue.
Sobriety is the strength of the soul
Solitude is the parent of reflection.
Sorrow's best antidote is employment
Speech is the gift of all but thought of few
Sufferings are but the trials of gallant spirits
Temptations cannot enter where the heart is well guarded.
Past time is irrecoverable and the loss of it irreparable
Toleration should spring from charity, not from indifference.
Truth may languish but can never perish.
Unity is the essence of amity.
Vanity makes men ridiculous; pride odious.
Valour can do but little without discretion
Virtue is a garment of honour, but wickedness is a robe of shame.
Rectitude of will is the greatest ornament of the mind.
Wisdom without Justice is but craftness.
Wit may get wealth, but wealth cannot purchase wit.
Youth is the season for improvement
Zealously endeavour to maintain good principles.

Deafness is very widespread in the United States of America, at least 10,000,000 persons having impaired hearing, due originally in the majority of cases to the common cold.



The famous Varadarajaswami Koil of Conjeevaram, where the Garudotsavam Festival was celebrated recently.

OPEN LETTER TO EPSTEIN

TRIBUTE TO HIS GENIUS

"THEY'LL UNDERSTAND YOU, ONE DAY"

My dear Jacob.—Well, you have beaten your critics at last. Even those who, for years, have jeered, saying you carved monstrosities merely to attract attention, have had to admit that your latest exhibition of sculpture makes that at the Royal Academy look silly.

I read the other day how one journalist, who went along to see your show after, as he says, "joining in the popular chorus which denounced many of Epstein's works as hideous," now says: "Well, I have got to climb down."

"He went," he says, "because Hannen Swaffer had described it as the most significant show of our time."

Well, if you remember—and you do —I was your champion over twenty years ago, when almost everybody united in baiting you.

Now they merely walk by your carvings in the Strand, which they denounced before the war. They have forgotten your Oscar Wilde monument, which, in Paris, they mutilated. Even your "Primeval Gods," which is another challenge this year and which took you twenty-three years to finish, passes almost unnoticed in the course of eulogy which hails the triumph of your latest collection of women's heads. They are more beautiful, indeed, than any you have ever done. This time, the world admits it, writes Hannen Swaffer in "John Bull."

• • • •

Why are you attacked? What is your crime? It is the worst crime of all. You dare to think for yourself. You know that mass opinion is mess opinion So do I.

Anyway, it was unjust criticism that made your fame.

I remember your figure of Christ, for instance. You dared to depict Him as a Jew. That was thought a terrible thing to do. Clergymen attacked that from the pulpit.

People were then imbued with the idea that, because the old Italian masters took as models the people around them, Christ was a very nice-looking Italian. It was thought hearsey when you dared to show Him as a Jewish working-man, Who went about with people of the class from whom He sprang, doing good in a simple way.

• • •

Why, in the old days, if you remember, artists even used to give Christ a blond beard.

The people who attacked you forgot that, if they had been alive at the time this was first done, that would have made them equally angry.

I often remind people that Turner was sneered at by the public because of the bright colours of his sunsets, until Ruskin championed him; and that even Ruskin, when he grew old, became too old-fashioned to appreciate Whistler. "He throws a paint-pot in the public's face and charges a thousand guineas for it," he wrote. And a jury gave Whistler only a farthing damages.

Now, Whistler, passed ever out of the commercialism of the dealers' galleries, hangs unnoticed on the walls of art collections.

Then Gauguin got it in the neck—and Van Gogh, and the French impressionists. Now, even they fail to shock.

Then you came along about the time of the Cubists and the Futurists. Your shows caused anger. Theirs gave rise to ridicule. Nowadays, Cubism is used for advertisements and for the modelling of the heads of dressmakers' dummies—yes, and for door-knobs! Yet most do not notice it.

As for you, even those readers of mine who do not appreciate yet—their children will—the greatness of your conception and the breadth of your mind, will, when I tell them of it, pay tribute to your quiet courage and the earnestness of your way of treading the path of a pioneer.

You might have been "fashionable" had you made your art popular. As it is, a Bohemian still, a simple-natured man with something eternal to say, you prefer work to wealth and what you see as Truth to a conventional lie that would bring in much more money.

You sprang from the people of Yesterday. Your art belongs to the people of to-morrow. It is intended to make us think for ourselves.

• • •

At a time when people are being made, by newspaper Peers and Talkies, and a hundred mechanical devices, to think all alike, to cheer, for instance, some silly film star who has been divorced six times, and who, unknown to themselves, are being forced to think alike and all do the same thing—well, I applaud anybody who, in spite of all, goes on his own way.

You have suffered for going yours. You have not only been insulted and threatened; for years and years you remained poor, just because you preferred to be an artist rather than one of those fashionable guys.

But long after they are forgotten *you* will remain.

WELL QUALIFIED

"So you think you would be a suitable valet for me," said the very old man to the applicant for the post.

The man nodded eagerly.

"I must remind you that I am a bit of a wreck," said the other. "I have an artificial leg that needs looking after, a glass eye, and a wig and false teeth."

"That would be all right, sir," said the applicant. "I've had plenty of practice. You see, I used to work in the assembly-room of a big motor-car factory."

THE SUNDAY OBSERVER

ADVERTISEMENT TARIFF

CASUAL

Special Short Classified Advertisements.—"Wanted," "To Let," "Notice," and "For Sale," Advertisements, when not strictly appertaining to any regular business, not exceeding one inch single column Re. 1 per insertion; every additional inch or part thereof Annas 8.

Railways, Shipping, Government, Military, Court, Legal, Municipal, District and Taluk Boards and other notifications of Public and Corporate Bodies—Eight Annas per inch single column per insertion. Displayed Advertisements Rs. 2 per inch, single column per insertion.

Cinema, Theatrical, Concert and other Entertainments.—Re. 1 per inch, single column per insertion.

Company Prospectuses.—Full page Rs. 100, half page Rs. 55, and quarter page Rs. 30 per insertion.

Notices and Reports of Company Meetings—Re. 1 per inch, single column per insertion.

Domestic Occurrences.—Births, Deaths, Marriages, In Memorium, etc., etc., Re. 1 per insertion. No verses or quotations permissible.

Election Manifestoes.—Rs. 2 per inch, single column per insertion.

CONTRACT RATES ON APPLICATION.

Apply to the Manager.

Sane Sentiments on Sex

WOMEN WHO DESPISE SEX

A FRANK TALK TO LADY READERS

There is one thing that my work has taught me, of which the great mass of letters which come to me in the course of a year have convinced me, and it is this: I can best sum it up in words written by Janet Chance in her most admirable book, "The Cost of English Morals," a book I advise every one of my readers to obtain: "On the whole, in England, sexual life is a poor thing." She adds: "It is not happy; often it is wretched."

I get scores and scores of letters from married women which convince me of the fact that to them the sex side of their married lives is wretched—they do not seem to understand it. And you have evidence on every hand that to lots and lots of women marriage is a failure and has become intolerable, simply because its physical side has become distasteful to them. Now what does it all mean? Are they right in taking this view? Is it that there is something wrong with the women, something wrong with the husband, or what?

MARITAL DANGERS

Janet Chance says: "Too often the moment which for the man is the culmination of ecstasy and romance is for the woman an intimate, too intimate, assistance at a distasteful business. If this happens even once, and it is unfortunately frequently the first experience of passion, the effects are likely to cast a shade of uncertainty, if not of disgust, over the future times of intimacy. And if it happens often it will require considerable mental control on the part of the woman, if she is to tolerate her partial success and not become permanently emotionally and mentally warped. Such women have often lain awake, saying to themselves that marriage is the real prostitution, because in it something finer than the hopes of a prostitute are continually destroyed. To remain habitually passive during passionate moments means for the body immaturity and for the mind disillusionment and degradation. The weaker women succumb to a slavery. The stronger too often find their only solution in sex hatred or fantasy."

Women have said to me that they hate having to share the same room, let alone the same bed, with their husbands; others who have bitterly stated that they think that sex is a nasty, dirty thing, and that because of it they have come to hate the very sight of their husbands. I had a letter only the other day from a young married woman—it speaks for itself. She writes: "I thought marriage was something wonderful before I married, and what a shock I have had; it's a dirty business in which it seems that the woman is to be just the toy of the man and to be there on all occasions to satisfy his dirty desires." You certainly won't get much hope of happiness from that home, will you? Margaret Leonora Evles in her book, "The Woman in the Little House," has given a striking example of this.

THE HUSBAND'S "DEMANDS"

She describes a working-class wife in 1914 comforting a bride whose husband has gone to the front, and suggesting that there are compensations in the departure of husbands, "No, my dear," says the wife, "you don't know what you're up agen yet. But you wait until you've been to bed over three thousand nights with the same man, like me, and had to put up with everything. Then you'd be blooming glad the old Kayser went potty." There are married women to-day who think that the normal, shall I call them "demands" of husband are signs of an incurable indecency, writes T. Bowen Partington in "Health and Strength." To my mind it's all very sad, especially when you realise what things could be like between the husband and wife and that there is just as much sexual pleasure to be obtained by the wife as by the husband, if she would only just realise it.

As a matter of fact the greater number of married women do not know that there is the same degree of sexual satisfaction in the marital relation for them as there is for the husband. And, as Janet Chance suggests, some women have been known to express their distaste for sex intercourse, and when, may be, some other married woman present, who knows what true sexual happiness is with her husband, has protested they have told her in reply that "she must have the mind of a prostitute." As Janet Chance says: "How many men must have envied Disraeli when they learned that he had said of his wife Mary Ann that she was more like a mistress than a wife. The trouble is that there are too many women who are ignorant of all that marriage means, and for this I blame a lot of very stupid mothers. Why don't they help their girls to realise a little bit more of all that marriage does mean? I suppose after all it is because they themselves do not know, have never known, and are by now too old to ever know. And when, may be, the girl, having read a little and heard more, does suggest a few things to the mother, she, poor dear, tries to look pious and as shocked as possible and in icy tones says to the daughter: "You'll find out all about it when you do get married."

UNHEALTHY CURIOSITY

Find out "all about" what? It's creating in the mind of the girl a most unhealthy curiosity, making her think that there is something sordid and nasty about the whole business; the young bride starts all wrong mentally, and this makes its mark, too often, for the rest of her married days. I'd like to see established classes for prospective brides, where they can be taught really what marriage does mean. Not merely going to classes where she is taught cookery, useful as this is. It's all very well being a good cook; I admire this in the girl. It's all very well being domesticated, but a wife must be something more than this if there is to be happiness in the home.

I have again and again in these articles referred to the evil consequences of the pious maternal advice given to the girl before marriage and insisted that the husband seeks in his wife not merely a housekeeper, but much more. It has been said in reply to what I have written that I am favouring the husband all the time simply because he is more highly sexed and therefore will make excessive sexual demands on his wife. Oh, no. I have long been of the opinion that there are as many women whose sexual appetites exceed that of their husbands, as the contrary. Then it has been suggested to me that I am making a mistake in that I am seeking to demand that the wife "should be something of a prostitute." Rubbish! Why drag in the word "prostitute"? Surely a husband is not asking his wife to be a prostitute" if he asks her to keep her love fresh and employ new arts in their marital relations.

Surely it is not even remotely connected with prostitution if the twentieth-century man desires that his wife should be his mistress as well. The husband's love will fade sooner or later if the wife does not think it worth her while to dress herself tastefully and make herself attractive and desirable. The sexual element will inevitably decrease if the husband never sees his wife except when she is washing clothes, or attending to the children, or cooking. And on the contrary, the love and happiness will always increase if the wife understands how to keep the lamp burning on the alter of sex. Moreover, the sexual life of the woman will also develop at the same time, and she will obtain more satisfaction.

"FORGOTTEN THEY ARE WOMEN"

There are too many wives to-day who have forgotten that they are women, and it is no wonder that all hopes of amicable relations have been lost so far as they and their husbands are concerned. When a woman at all times assumes an angelic attitude in bed, her health is endangered and her earthly happiness has "gone glimmering," for she cannot justly blame others for ignoring her humanity when she herself persistently fails to display it. The eternal fitness of things prevents drawing-room conduct from necessarily being at all times the best of bed manners, and the sooner people are taught to realise and act immunely, the less often will proprieties be violated, and the more will humanity be benefited. If humanity in general knew what the proper sexual relations were much harm would be averted, but it is not enough to know what this condition is, for it requires specific instructions to bring about this end.

The physician must not only know what is required, but it is his duty to so instruct his patients so that many may accomplish what is essential. There is no doubt that, if both parties knew what was required for their welfare and had within themselves the ability to carry out what is necessary, they would eagerly strive to attain that which would be to their personal benefit. Without the danger of a challenge it may be assorted that with proper and timely instruction on matters sexual there is no good reason why any sexual relations that are at all usual could not be made most satisfactory for all concerned, and that this would obtain if people only knew how, is philosophical and not visionary. The sex life can be either pleasant and inspiring or unpleasant and degrading, and it is for us to achieve the former and avoid the latter. I would that every husband and wife could only be brought to realise, especially the wives, that sexual happiness apart from procreation is a good thing, and marriage should be judged, in part, by its success or failure in achieving it.

"NO GREATER HUMAN PLEASURES"

It has been truly stated there is too little fine sex life in England. There can be no greater human pleasures for adult men and women in marriage than those afforded by their sexual relations, when these are as nature designed, and if they were always satisfactory and never followed by undesirable results there would be nothing better to hope for, other things being equal. Given the ability to enjoy and the assurance of freedom from harmful results, the obstacles to the happiest possible sexual living would be removed. These obstacles are in practice very formidable, however, for it is given to but very few to have them removed to such a degree as will be mutually satisfactory.

THE EVER-PRESENT FEAR

Naturally in all that I have written above I am considering only married people before the age in which the change of life occurs or such a time when sexual desire naturally ceases to be active. There is no doubt, and I add this in passing, that failure of issue may, possibly, by its general influence upon the two lives, have some effect upon sensuality, but nearly, always the fear of pregnancy is the great and underlying cause which prevents desirable sexual relations. Mutual preparation for the act is essential, and in this the husband is more largely concerned, while the fear of pregnancy prevents the wife from taking her proper part, as she is thereby more directly affected.

Balzac in his "Physiologie du Marriage," writes: "In marriage there must be ceaseless war against the all-destroying monster—habit." It is primarily the woman's business to keep this monster at bay. She must take care to remain always attractive. She must be careful not to abandon all her modesty, which has an attraction for the man. She must be wooed and won anew each time. The art of alternately yielding and denying, which she practised during courtship, should be maintained during marriage. Only thus can she remain for ever his mistress as well as his wife.

A FEW REPLIES TO QUERIES

Cases have been known in which girls have become pregnant even though they are still anatomically virgins, i. e., preserved the hymen intact. There may not have been anything in the nature of entry on the part of the male, the semen not being ejaculated into the vagina or anywhere near the os uteri, yet impregnation has resulted. In both cases the "careful" lovers have reckoned without the motility of the sperms. These have found their own way into the vagina, through the os uteri, and so into the uterus, where they have met the ovum.

The aged woman is sexually exhaustsd; the extinction of sex as a result of the menopause is concealed for many years, and the woman may refuse to admit it herself, but eventually the truth will out. The "old lady" is incapable of sexual excitement. One chapter in her life has been closed for ever, and in her hours of loneliness the memory of what has been causes many a sigh. Man remains sexually potent, as a rule, to a much more advanced age than woman, and if he is healthy there is no sudden change comparable to the menopause. His potency declines gradually. Exactly when the end comes is difficult to say, and the stages of decline leading up to it are also indefinite. First, he loses the capacity to produce living spermatoza. Though he is still sufficiently potent to carry out the sexual act, the secretion ejaculated no longer contains living sperms. The same condition may be observed in young men whose testicles have been impaired by venereal disease.

Generally speaking, circumcision is found to be beneficial and tends to lessen the inclination to masturbate.

It is neither sinful nor harmful for a wife to have strong sexual emotions.

There is not the least doubt that the fear of pregnancy and the dread of the suffering and discomforts of child-bearing, which are sometimes largely of their own making, do account for frigidity and lack of sexual emotion in some women.

Marital relations coming soon after heavy meals are to be opposed. The reason lies in the danger of serious accidents in the case of elderly people, particularly where there is a tendency to apoplexy. Gastric and intestinal troubles are also said to occur frequently if the sexual act is exercised immediately after a meal. As regard intercourse during alcoholic intoxication, it is dangerous on account of the prolongation of the act which it produces and is, therefore, equal in its effect to sexual excess.

Nature has not been lavish in providing the male organs of generation with means of protection. The testicles are not like the ovaries of the female, hidden in the interior of the organism; they lie in their sac-like receptacle outside the abdominal cavity in a rather exposed situation, where they are subject to all kinds of injuries, contusions, punctures, and lacerations. but as a compensation for this disadvantage they have so to speak, been endowed with an almost wonderful productiveness, which seems to exceed by far the necessary requirements. Not only are there with each ejaculation millions of spermatozoa discharged, one of which alone suffices to impregnate the female ovum, but even in diseases of all kinds there always remains for a long time a prefectly satisfactory function. In severe general illnesses for instance, no matter what

(Continued on page 9)

THE FAST AND AFTER

BY MR. GEORGE GULLIVER

So the fast has ended: a fast undertaken in His name and ended in His name. The whole nation ceased its deafening chorus of prayers and heaved a sigh of extreme relief. The Indian people are after all a God-loving race: they too can pray sincerely and that prayer too can become efficacious. This is the profound discovery that has come to be made to the just pride and edification of the Indian nation. Many, bewilderingly many are the eternal truths that have dawned on the truth-famished nation after the end of the epic fast. The most astounding of such truths is that the fast has been a "God's cause." The age of miracles is not yet over and miracle performers are not at all wanting. The spirit of man has scored a historic Waterloo over his flesh. In one word Gandhiji has survived his self-inflicted fast by soul force and spiritual food.

But even after closingly and dispassionately following the delectable drama of this "Parnakuti" Fast from the first Act to the last, I am unable to see the masterly hand of God either in the service of screen lifting or in that of stage management. As far as one could see, the origin of the drama is to be found in the hallucinated brain of the incarcerated hero who took sufficient care to give a week's notice to the Government about his contemplated fast. Willingdon's Government was only too willing to release him for it knew the idea behind this apparently chivalrous gesture of the sage who pretended not to place the former in an awkward predicament. That was all. The Nightingale Nurse flew to the hero to put up feather bed to him and regulate admission to the theatre. Other celebrities equally pure and devoted managed the stage and marvellously too. And above all doctors both of professional and political renown danced attendance on him all day long and all night long. The Mahatma was throughout happy and in excellent condition drank vichy water in plenty and cracked jokes also. Throughout the fast nothing like a physical crisis occurred from which at least it could be pretended he was miraculously rescued. The truth being so, why should the name of 'God' be dragged in is the question that we cannot understand. I want to ask a plain question and I demand a plain answer. Did the doctors save Gandhiji or did 'God' save him? If the doctors did, why then prostitute the name of 'God'? If on the other hand God saved him, where was the necessity for the presence of over half a dozen doctors at his bedside? Why was Dr. Ansari wired to so urgently even at the risk of the lives of some other equally important patients of his elsewhere? Why such an Inquisitorial prohibition of persons and messages which were tabooed with the unsparing strictness of the Spanish Inquisitors? Why were not such ardent admirers hailing all the way from the Himalayas allowed to have even a distant darshan of the hero? Why all that strict silence and scrupulous avoidance of even sight by the public? If after taking all these precautions against any possible crisis, we were to be assured that God directly descended and saved this Christ literally on the excruciating cross, what is to be thought of the person who says so. It may probably be pretended that it was God who saved Gandhiji through the instrumentality of the doctors. Very well. In that case, which patient among the thousands that emerge out daily from the hospitals fully cured of their ailments, are not saved by God? Yet how many papers and how many congressmen of C. R's type blatantly baul out "behold these holy patients who have been saved by God but through the doctors his privileged messiahs"? In fact, if it is pretended that God saved Gandhiji through the doctors, it amounts to a very strong though unconscious confession that it was medical science and man's precaution that saved him. If ever God's name should be dragged in inevitably in this case, let it be as in the innumerable other cases of patients. Why this special-pleading for Gandhi's safety through the exclusive and extraordinary mercy of God? It is only degrading God and not doing Him honour.

The irony of this arrogation by Gandhi and his sentimental and snobbish swarms of followers of God's special favour for him will be quite plain, if we contrast their silence, nay their veild contempt at the sympathetic and any day more heroic fast embarked upon by lesser beings like Senpathi Bapat and others. I have never read a single word saying that God has also saved these people whereas in fact it was these people who fasted literally, innocent of and away from all Vichy water, sodium bicarbonate, hot-water massaging, almond oil massaging etc. etc. I wonder how even that God should be so 'Capitalistic' in his sympathy as to care only for the lives of those who fast as the guests of millionaries in palatial, 'Parnakudies' and not for the lives of poor prisoners and prolitariats like Bapat! Verily, God, can't you be saved from these 'candid friends' and cajoling worshippers of Yours? Are your mercy and capacity for miracles so patent and low-valued that they ought to be invoked by these 'Godly men' for the accomplishment of even simple, obvious and human acts? No doubt the age of miracle is not gone but only the miracle we have seen to-day altogether is different in nature from the miracles others had made in the world. Above all, there is an unconscious indentification of God with science and that is all for good!

There are still more amusing things that the epic fast has brought out from the exclusively religious Indian people. I am not going to concern myself at present with the fulminations of the Chota-Gandhi against the activities of the Press. There are benevolent critics nearer at hand to check the mock-serious mumblings of that South Indian clown who, however, is the accredited keeper of the Mahatma's conscience. Only once did he fail to gauge correctly the yearning of his master's conscience. He could not understand the high purposes and divine missions underlying the idea of Gandhi to fast. Heroically did he rush up to Poona to stop it almost exclaiming "I and I alone can save him and nobody else can." But he received a sneering check from his boss. Then he took up the tune of "Raghupathi Raghava Raja Ram"—a song of love. But his vial of hatred and vendetta is too full not to drop out even while he sings Ramnam. So he snarled at the activities of the Press. If ordinary mortals get publicity by praying, this Chota Gandhi wants to get notoriety by preaching journalistic morals! That was original, was it not?

There is yet another disciple who, however does not pretend to keep Gandhiji's conscience either in his khadhar pocket or in his tongue. But he must needs out Boswell Boswell in spreading legends about his hero. Macaulay is after all a clever student of human nature. So he was more than correct when he generalised that Boswell was the greatest biographer because he was the greatest fool. And we see in the world to-day that any miserable being who is afflicted with that peculiar disease which Macaulay called "lues Boswellana" is only confirming the truth of that statement. Mr. Mahadev Desai, in the effusive love for his master loses his judgment and what is worse he takes his readers to be intellectual "Harijans." Self-debasement is to him the greatest self-effacement. To think himself to be the most impure man is to him to make his master the purest man. With such notions of his duty he wants to amuse an eager public by saying that his place was not by Gandhi's side but in the Ashram. Why? He answers it "From my own point of view because I knew that I would take away from and not add to the purity around him." After this humble but candid and frank confession from him, who can doubt that his perpetual impure contact with Gandhi in prison might have driven Gandhi to purify himself by fasting? But what a pity that the revelation of the self-impurity of Desai who is not only corrupt but corrupting according to himself should have come to him so late after his emergence from the prison walls? Could not his merciful God have given that revelation a little earlier?

Now be this as it may, if Mr. Desai were to have contented himself with such a self-debasing statement, we would not much mind it. But he immediately tells us that he would fain rush to the Sabarmathi Ashram with the purity of which alone, as he says, the Hindu society and Hinduism could be purified. But my doubt is, how could this confessedly impure soul go, examine and report upon the fitness of Ashram without contaminating it and its inmates in that process? Does he pretend that he can purify by his contact all others except Gandhiji? What absurd contradictions these are and yet God inspired them. So let us not criticise them.

Man was never more ungrateful or untruthful than Mr. Desai when he says that the Vichy water that comes from Ville-neuve has been given "an unmerited advertisement." Vichy water was the chief source of nourishment and sustenance throughout the fast to Gandhiji and yet Mr. Desai has the cheap audacity to say that it has been given an unmerited advertisement. I wonder if Gandhiji himself would subscribe to this peculiar thanksgiving to Vichy water. To ignore the place of Vichy water is to detract from the value and sincerity of Gandhiji's celebrated and much advertised search after Truth. Mr. Desai makes one feel if that search is only meant to be one after convenient truths! How jealous is this Boswell of other people's advertisement? When A. C. R. who first opposed Gandhiji's fast and later on mumbled his prayers in the hymns of Journalistic hatred, when a Sarojini who vexed the hearts of many a sincere devotee by denying them even sight of the Mahatma, when a small 1-2 anna stamp, a little kum kum sent by a Muslim to Mrs Gandhi, when a Harijan boy carrying a few oranges and when numerous other less important and subsidiary things were gratuitously indulged with a vicarious advertisement quite unmerited, why should he stand aghast at the merited recognition of the importance of Vichy water which more than his 'God' has saved Gandhiji?

Again Mr. Mahadev Desai assures us that Gandhiji had told him "If I had my own way I would be fasting away in some nook farthest from public haunts and undisturbed by all the coddling of which I am the victim now." Gandhiji no doubt is capable of making this statement. Only we who have a better memory than his "Coddlers" are not able to see the entire truth of it. Even while he made known his intention to fast simultaneously with the Thackersay's, an invitation from a Harijan quarters also came to him offering place and all comforts for his inevitable fast. There were also other invitations but no specific reason was assigned why the car carrying Gandhiji should have directly reached Thackersay's. But anyway there is yet another consideration. "If I had my own way" is the adverbial clause which has all the significance for us. Is such a clause usually used by Gandhi in his crowded life? Has there ever been a moment in his life when he has had not 'his own way'? If in spite of the whole nation's importunities and entreaties to stop fasting, he had managed to have 'his own way', the way his mysterious inner voice directed, what prevented him I ask in the choice of a remote place where he could be free from the coddling of his candid friends? Gandhiji, if anything, is a man who has always his own way against the whole world. Yet strangely enough this clause astoundingly makes its appearance here. The truth of the matter is the entire purpose of the fast would have been missed, if, as Gandhiji is so innocently said to have remarked, he had had his own way and retired into a far off cave of Adullutm free from all coddlings. Publicity, was the determined purpose of the fast, coddling was the sign of crocodile tears at least according to the 'coddlers' at 'Parnakudi.' The fast would have been still more sterile of result, if it had not been celebrated on such a scale and in such a public manner. Therefore, "if I had my own way" comes with a peculiarly bad grace from that quarter.

We are not very much concerned with the stories about the sleepless nights and moments of anguish that the Poet at Santaniketan passed during the fast nor with the tapasya and 'Ram Bajana' which that 'elder Brother' of Gandhi, i.e., Malavyaji performed. We can equally humourously dismiss the maudlin sentiment of Romain Roland which only did a disservice to the already sentiment-ridden India. But we have one great doubt yet left uncleared. "The fast" says Desai "is a challenge to God who dwells in the hearts of millions of Hindus." How far this gantlet of challenge has been accepted by God that dwells in all Hindus is the point of doubt. If God really wanted to lift the 'Harijans' up, could it not have straightaway changed the mentality of one and all of the Hindus instead of beating the bush by first saving Gandhiji and then making him change the hearts of his country? Probably it may be answered the ways of Providence are inscrutable indeed!

Untouchability is the child of sentiment. It was nourished into strength by superstition. That spoilt child can never be destroyed by promoting a different kind of sentimentalism and a modern type of superstition. Unless reason pierces torough the darkened hearts of the millions and enlightens them, these 'Parnakudi' puranas, Gandhi legends and fasting penances will go only to create an anamalous 'Hinduism,' cursed by the orthodox and condemned by the rationals and rid of the good features of either, Gandhism can be a modern cult but it can never be a marvellous cure.

"JAYABINDHU"

(Registered)

Harmless Internal and External Scorpion Sting Cure.

Sure to cure even cases of unconsciousness in a short time.

Excellent testimonials. Set Re. 1 nett. 3 sets at a time free delivery.

Sample set sent for 4 annas stamps.

Special terms for agents. Sold everywhere.

Apply to:

Srimathy B. KOTAMMA,

Bellammondy, CUDDAPAH.

THE SUNDAY OBSERVER

**Stand upright; speak thy thought; declare
The truth thou hast that all may share;
Be bold, proclaim it everywhere;
They only live who dare.**

SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1933.

AU REVOIR

NEARLY FOUR MONTHS AGO, I started "The Sunday Observer" with lofty ideals of public service and with great expectations that it will fulfil a long-felt need in the political and social life of the province. I have endeavoured my best to keep up to the ideals which I set before myself, and I must acknowledge that the public have given me greater encouragement and support than I expected. But, in these days, it is very difficult to run a half anna paper successfully. In spite of the fact that the "Observer" had a very large number of patrons and friends belonging to all schools of political thought, I must candidly admit that it has not been able to pay its way. Though it has been, if report speaks true, a popular success, it has not been so financially. I may inform the public that it was started not for profit or personal aggrandisement, but for providing the people with an independent, fearless and impartial journal, through which they can express their grievances. In the first leading article on February 19 the "Observer" explained its policy. I would like to recall those words only to point out that I have striven to adhere to it in the spirit and in the the letter. The "Observer" said: "We stand for Truth. We shall fight for Truth. And we shall live for Truth. For there is no greater duty than the dissemination of Truth. There is no higher religion than the attainment of Truth. We are up against hypocrisy, insincerity and dishonesty in society, in religion and in politics. We feel, and feel very strongly, that there has been too much of exploitation of the people in the name of nationalism, in the name of God and in the name of humanity. We stand for equality in society, equal opportunity in politics and a spirit of brotherhood and fellowship in religion. We will champion the cause of the lowly and the down trodden, the poor and the famished, the weak and the oppressed. In doing so we, shall neither spare any one nor flinch before anything. With courage in our hearts, with hope in our cause and with faith in the Divinity whose purpose we think we are serving, we make our bow to our readers." And to-day also, I am making a bow to the readers—a bow of temporary farewell. The public will be able to judge fully whether I have fulfilled the above ideal placed before myself. There has been no greater solace or comfort to me in this unpleasant and thankless task than the words of encouragement and appreciation from friends, known and unknown, of my humble work in the direction of clean sing the public-life of the province and purifying politics of the stinking impurities. I have played the part of a laundry-man, a sweeper, a cleaner of filth and an inspector of drains, as Gandhiji would say, so that the people's cause may be served by men with pure heart, unselfish mind and noble and lofty ideals. I have incurred the odium of some the hatred of some others, but I can tell them that in attacking them, I bore no personal ill-will; I had no axe to grind. To-day I regret to announce to my readers that "The Sunday Observer" will not appear for sometime to come. I thank my numerous readers for their kind support. I say to them *au revior*, not good-bye.

P. BALASUBRAMANIAM.

KING TO OPEN THE SESSION

London, June 9.

Marked signs of the approaching opening of the World Economic Conference were apparent at West-End. Many foreign visitors have already arrived, although the majority of the delegation will only reach London during the week-end. The most important delegation so far arrived is from the United States.

Luxury hotels where the richer delegations put up are gaily adorned with flowers and growing plants inside and outside. Fashionable shops, similarly brightened with flags of many nations are in evidence.

The King will open the conference with a seven minutes' speech Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's presidential ad dress is not likely to exceed a quarter of an hour, whereafter general discussion will be taken up. The delegates will be invited to produce their proposals in their opening speeches and make their proposal as precise and definite as possible.

The Prime Minister, as Chairman, is doing everything he can to speed up the work of the Conference, and the suggestion that the delegates should devote the opening speeches to the submission of definite proposals comes from him.—

NOTICE

Owing to unavoidable circumstances, "The Sunday Observer" will temporarily cease publication with this issue. Arrangements will be made to re-start it as early as possible. We request the indulgence of our subscribers.

Manager
"THE SUNDAY OBSERVER"

JAPAN HOPEFUL OF SETTLEMENT

Tokio, June 9.

With Britain owning one-fifth of the world, the action of Britain and India in taking steps to shut out Japanese goods raises a question of life and death for Japan, declared a Foreign Office Spokesman.

He added that anti-Japanese tariff developments are now the most serious problem facing the Japanese Government and may possibly necessitate a protest and retaliatory measures, though he was still hopeful of an amicable settlement.

INDIAN POLITICAL CONFERENCE

PASSPORT REFUSED TO Mr. S. C. BOSE

London June 10

Mr. Subhas Chandra Bose has sent a message to the Reception Committee of the third Indian Political Conference in London of which he is the President-elect, starting that the India Office has definitely refused to grant him passport to visit London.

Mr. Bose's presidential address will be read at the Conference, which Mr. Maxton a member of the House of Commons, and other prominent Labourites are attendidg as fraternal delegates.—

A girl recently ran twenty miles without stopping. The man then gave in and agreed to buy a flag.

• • • •

In a recent thriller, two crooks are described as morse-signalling to each other across the table by means of sniffs. This is what might be described as a code in the nose.

• • • •

It was stated in court that a barman had struck an obstreperous negro on the head with a pewter tankard. Presumably forgetting, in the heat of the moment, that pewter tankards cost money.

OPEN LETTER TO H. E. THE GOVERNOR

MORE ABOUT SERVICES COMMISSION

CHAIRMAN'S SON-IN-LAW A PERMANENT EXAMINER!

JOBBERY, NEPOTISM AND FAVOURITISM OF THE LOWEST TYPE

May it please your Excellency,

It is more in sorrow than in anger that I pen these few lines, in the hope that they will catch your Excellency's eye. I have been throwing the searchlight of truth on the Madras Services Commission, and found that the Commission has departed and deviated from some of the elementary and well-understood principles that should and must guide any body in the position of the Commission. Your Excellency would remember that the 'Sunday Observer' was the first in the province to draw the attention of the public to the serious, scandalous, and disgraceful state of affairs in the Madras Services Commission. Till to-day, the veracity of those statements have remained unchallenged and the truth of those allegations have remained undisputed. It is my humble task today to give some more particulars about the Services Commission, to draw out some more skeletons from its cupboard, and expose in all their nakedness some of the most nauseating and stinking instances of jobbery and favouritism that have been perpetrated.

With a serious sense of responsibility and with the boldness engendered by a consciousness of truth, I am making a grave indictment of the Commission. But I may inform your Excellency that I have not a word to say, and I do not think anybody can say anything, against the European member of the Commission. His conduct has been above board, and he has kept up implicitly those principles of fairness and impartiality which should be always foremost in the minds of Public Service Commissioners. My grievance is, or rather my grievances are, against the two Indian members of the Commission. They have proved to be monopolist intriguers in disguise. In my humble opinion, both of them are unfit to be members of the Commission, and if the things perpetrated by them had been done in any other country, they would have promptly been sacked. These worthy individuals are not able to see beyond the tip of their noses — they draw a charmed circle within which come, first, relatives, next, community men, and third and last, friends of the club or the bar-room. Once in a blue moon, there does come a chance for some one outside the charmed circle, and evidently the public have to propose a hearty vote of thanks for small mercies and rub their hands in smug satisfaction.

As I said above, I want to make an impeachment against the two Indian members of the Commission. It is not a question of racialism or communalism, but only that the two individuals who are drawing very fat salaries, have proved themselves thoroughly unworthy of the position they now hold and unfit for their present jobs. I impeach the two members of the Commission and their Secretary of having packed various offices with their own relatives. I impeach the Chairman of the Commission of having appointed his own son-in-law as an examiner and it appears as though he will continue for ever. Evidently the Khan Bahadur has no confidence in anyone except his son-in-law. What funny things are happening in the Services Commission Office! Ha! Ha!! Ha!!! Even a cat will laugh at the blindness and stupidity of those who think that the world will not know of the atrocities and injustices that they are doing.

In the interest of the public and in the name of justice and fairness in the administration and of cleanliness and purity in the public services, I implore Your Excellency to intervene and ask an explanation from the members of the Commission and the Secretary whether they think that the appointments have been created by the Government to serve as a sort of family gathering. I beseech Your Excellency, you, who, as an able parliamentarian, know the principles which sohuld govern public services and their recruitment, to ask from the members of the Commission and the Secretary the lists of persons—true and sworn lists—who are their relatives and who have been appointed in the various offices. My point is not that relatives should be tabooed or debarred. Let them have their chance. But how many of them are to be provided with safe berths under the patronage of uncles, fathers-in-law, etc.,—and that too at the expense of efficiency, impartiality and fairness. Such a disgraceful state of affairs will only serve to bring down the prestige of the administration itself, and, God forbid, reflect on the efficiency of Your Excellency's conduct of the Government.

I am addressing this letter to Your Excellency, because the Services Commission is directly responsible to Your Excellency, and to none else. That is the very reason why they have been holding welcome gatherings of relatives. They think that no one will take the trouble of wafting to Your Excellency the stinking smell of the Services Commission office. I have tried to do it, and I think Your Excellency has got some inkling as to what is being done by the Commissioners who are not responsible to the public. I would particularly request Your Excellency to enquire into the fact as to why the Chairman's son-in-law has been continuing as a permanent examiner.

Only one word in conclusion. Your Excellency. If matters are not set right early, the public will have to take the proper course themselves and carry on an agitation against the Services Commission. Meetings will have to be held in important urban centres to expose the hollowness of the Commission and wooden feet of the Commissioners. The agitation, I assure Your Excellency, is bound to be a great success. For there are many in the province who have had bitter experience of this Services Commission and who know the doings of the Commissioners very well. They will willingly place all the facts concerning this Commission which will rouse public indignation. That will, of course, be unfair to Your Excellencey and derogatory to your dignity and prestige, as head of the province. Whatever the public may do, I feel quite sure, Your Excellency, that they will do nothing which would affect or injure Your Excellency's great name. But their patience should not be tried to the breaking point. A great opportunity is before Your Excellency, and that is the purifying of the nefarious methods of the Services Commission. I implore Your Excellency to do this as early as possible.

I beg leave to remain,
May it please Your Excellency
Your most sincere well-wisher
"Observer."

"He is a wise man who knows a woman's age." But pretends he doesn't.

• • • •

"Not enough people realise that the sun is Nature's doctor." It never dawns on them.

• • • •

"You can't solve social problems with a bomb." But it provides a certain amount of uplift.

POLICE AND BRAINS

DUTY OF THE PUBLIC

RECENT CHANGES IN METROPOLITAN POLICE

(By A. G. Gardiner)

With the central idea of Lord Trenchard's report on the Metropolitan Police I think both the public and the police will be in agreement.

Brains must be fought with brains Year by year, says Lord Trenchard, the criminal grows "more skilful, more mobile and more scientific." The day of Bill Sikes is gone. His place in the dock is taken to-day by alert, intelligent, generally young fellows who look well and speak well and who have raised the criminal methods to a level of cleverness and cunning of which Bill Sikes never dreamed.

Many things have conduced to bring about this change—universal education, the experiences of the war, the industrial depression which has driven many a young artisan into evil corners; above all, the motor-car, which has altered the whole character of the criminal calling.

The marvel is not that serious crime, with all these modern aids, has increased so much; the marvel is that it has increased so little.

The motor bandit, says Lord Trenchard, is "almost a myth" of the public imagination, and although that seems to me an exaggeration on the other side it is true that the chief increase of crime relates to petty thefts and minor robberies.

This is still the safest country in the world to live in. Crime has never got out of hand with us as it has with the Americans, for example, and the police can fairly claim that they are the masters of the situation.

But the issue is still in the balance, and, grateful as we are to the magnificent. Force that gives us so high a degree of protection, we must not hesitate to equip it for the new challenge which the modern criminal has thrown down to it.

The New Challenge

And the first eqnipment is brains. The old idea that intelligence of a high order was undesirable in a policeman is obsolete. It would be as useless to match a stupid policeman against a clever criminal as it would be to expect a man on a bicycle to catch a man on a motor-car.

It is disquieting to learn from Lord Trenchard that the improvements in pay and status which followed the Desborough Committee in 1919 have not advanced the educational standard of candidates for the Force. Between 80 and 90 per cent, of the Force at the time of entry had not proceeded beyond the elementary stage of education, although the number of boys receiving secondory education has quadrupled since 1900.

Why in times when there is so great a dearth of openings for the educated youth of the country there should be a disinclination to enter a career which offers such opportunities for advancement and security as the Police Force does passes understanding.

But there is the fact, and we must deal with it in the best way we can. We must nave men of brains to deal with criminals of brains, and while preserving the avenue of promotion for capable men who join as constables, it is proposed that there should be direct recruitment for responsible posts of men of good educational qualifications as well as of suitable personality and physique.

The highest posts for the best men available, whether they joined as constables or not, was the recommendation of the Royal Commission of 1929, and under the inspiration of Lord Trenchard it is clear that the Government proposes to put that recommendation in operation.

The only comment I have to make on the subject is that, in the pursuit of the laudable object of raising the educational standard of the Force, there must be no suspicion of "militarising" the Force. The civilian character of the body has been one of its most precious qualities.

But it is not only the educational level of the Force which requires attention if we are to keep pace with the "more skilful, more mobile and more scientific methods" of the modern criminal. No less important is the enormous diversion of police activities from the main task the Force has to fulfil. That task is the prevention and detection of crime.

The development of the motor-car has thrown upon the police, both in London and the country, a vast and growing responsibility for traffic control. I went into a Londan police court the other afternoon and heard nearly forty cases—all of them, except one, related to traffic offences. And the back of the court was packed with policemen concerned in these cases.

I would like to see the police relieved of the whole of this task. It has nothing to do with their real job, and should be transferred to a body like that of the A.A. men.

There is another disclosure in the Trenchard report which suggests a vice in the police system of London. It is with surprise that the public has learned that, along among the police forces of the country, the Metropolitan police are employed and paid by private persons for police work in their own time. Elsewhere such work—attendance at football matches, greyhound races and the like—is

RELEASE OF POLITICALS

BRITISH PRESS SUPPORT

London, June 10.

The significance of the appeal of 60 Indians for the release of political prisoners is stressed by "The Spectator" and "The New Statesman." The former, urging the Government to give the most serious attention to it, says that the appeal carries a great moral weight of the most responsible spokesmen for India who know the country and desire that the reforms should succeed. The paper says that the constitution cannot be satisfactorily applied without India's goodwill. The Government should consider whether at the present moment when the Civil Disobedience Movement is out of favour the release of political prisoners would not produce a better atmosphere for the reforms.

"The New Statesman" also hopes that the Government will pay attention to the "remarkable telegram" the significance of which lies in the signatories who are headed by Dr. Rabindranath Tagore and include those who have held the highest offices under the Crown as well as influential landowners, representative businessmen and eminet religious leaders.—Reuter.

MERCHANTS' PLEA FOR EXEMPTION

Osaka, June 9.

With a view to minimizing the losses incurred as a result of boycotting Indian Cotton by the Japanese Spinners Mr. Hichirobei Nose, the President of Japan Cotton Merchants' Union, desires the Spinners' Association shall exclude from boycott the Indian Raw Cotton at present held by the members of the merchants' union as also the forward cotton contracted prior of June 8. The Spinnerss' Association is meeting on Tuesday to decide the question. The business in Indian Cotton is completely at a standstill to-day.—Reuter.

"A serum has been discovered that compels people to remain wide awake for long periods." We understand that exhaustive tests have been carried out on jobbing gardeners, plumbers, Government officials and other notoriously difficult cases.

---

authorities. That is the function of the Police Federation.

That function must be jealously safeguarded. It does not, of course, imply a right to criticise the higher administration or to preach politics in official time. A policeman may have his political preferences; but while on duty he is a servant of the State, indifferent to all Party considerations.

If there has been any departure from this principle, the Federation deservedly comes under censure. But while it keeps within the orbit of the policeman's working conditions it must not be interfered with. It should be a safety-valve for discontents.

If the police have grievances, the public wants them to be aired and brought out into the daylight. It does not want them to fester in the dark, for it knows that a good understanding between itself and the police is the foundation of public order and security.

Safety-Valve

On this, two principles need to be borne in mind. The relations of the public and the police are so intimate that the right of the police to strike for the redress of grievances is disallowed. Public order and security depend so largely upon the loyalty of the police that recourse to the weapon of the strike would be a blow at the life of the community.

But this disability can only be maintained by the acceptance of another principle—that is, that the police shall have a vehicle to formulate and present their grievances. They can be heard in Parliament, which is their ultimate court of appeal; but they are entitled to select their own representatives to voice the case which they wish to put before the done as part of the regular duty, and payment for it is made to the Police Fund. In the interests of the Force, the London practice should follow that of the rest of the country.

But the question which has aroused most controversy, and of which much will be heard in Parliament, is Lord Trenchard's criticism of the working of the Police Federation.

His criticisms are two—first, that its meetings occupy far too much of the public time of the Force; secondly, that its acitivities include strictures upon the Commissioner and the Government, and take the form of "a steady stream of propaganda on a variety of topics."

WHAT NATIONALISM MEANS

DR. MOONJE'S SPEECH AT BOMBAY

Bombay, June 10.

Dr. Moonje, speaking at a public meeting in Marwadi Vidyalaya, under presidency of Mr. Jamnadas Mehta, said that nationalism was much misunderstood in India.

He added "It is considered in India that whoever accepted Mr. Jinnah's fourteen points, and insisted on the Hindu-Muslim unity, as also removal of untouchability prior to attainment of self-Government, was a nationalist. This is a false valuation of nationalism.'

He said there were different ways of achieving the objective according to the exigencies of the situation. He claimed that the Maha Sabha was not a communal but a national organisation, working for a constitution in which none would suffer any disability and everyone would enjoy equal liberty of action. Dr. Moonje believed that the Communal Award was a great injustice to the Hindus, and wanted the Hindu community to be fairly treated in the coming constitution. His energies in England would be directed towards that end.

Mr. Mehta, in his closing remarks, said that Dr. Moonje was a much misunderstood man, but he was of the right type to put the case of the Hindus before the Select Committee.

He criticised Sir Chimanlal Setalvad for misrepresenting Dr. Moonje and his mission, and reiterated that Dr. Moonje was not a communalist but a nationalist.—A. P.

CHAMBER OF PRINCES

STANDING COMMITTEE MEETING

Bombay, June 10.

The standing Committee of the Princes Chamber met in camera at Patiala House this afternoon. His Highness the Maharaja of Patiala, Chancellor, presiding.

After three hours' deliberations Mr. Sharma, Secretary to the chancellor issued the following press communique:

"Informal meeting of the standing Committee was held to-day at Patiala House. It was attend by the Maharajahs of Alwar, Bikaner, Dholpur, Dungarour, Jhalwar, Patiala, the Raja of Sangli and Rana Saheb of Wankaner. Usual business was transacted.

Committee meets again to-morrow when the rest of the business is likely to be gone through.

Complete secrecy is being maintained regarding the subject matter of the discussion at to day's meeting.

DAUGHTER TURNS AN APPROVER

LAHORE MURDER CASE

Lahore, June 10.

A spectacle of an young girl of 13 years named Aziz Begum who has turned an approver in giving evidence against the three accused, consisting of her mother, husband and brother in a murder case, was witnessed in the Lahore Court to-day when details of conspiracy to murder a moneylender of Lahore named Dunichand were set forth.

Aziz Begum declared that her family owed a sum of money to Dunichand who had a pronote for Rs. 1,200. He used bad language and threatened them until eventually her brother and husband conspired to murder Dunichand. They inveigled the moneylender to a house and murdered him with a sharp weapon and threw the body in a well. They burnt the pronote and in order to allay the suspicions for some time, caused a telegram to be sent to the family of the deceased from Amritsar, that he proceeded to Delhi on business. The body was recovered after a week.

All the four including the approver were arrested.

AIM OF FOUR-POWER PACT

WHITE PAPER ISSUED

London, June, 10.

The despatch from the Foreign Secretary of State, Sir John Simon, to the British Ambassador at Rome, commenting on the aim and purpose of the Four Power "Agreement of Understanding and Co-operation" is included in the White Paper containing the text of that document issued to-night.

The despatch states, "throughout the negotiations we have made it clear that the proposed agreement should in no sense be regarded as a substitute for, or as set in opposition to, the covenant of the League. It is not a piece of rival or competing machinery, but is framed for the purpose of operating within the ambition of the covenant and in fulfilment of its object. The proposed agreement is intended as an aid in the maintenance of the principles for which the League stands. The methods and procedures which may fall to be studied or adopted under the agreement are strictly in accordance with the spirit of the covenant."

Sir John Simon also emphasises that the proposed agreement was never intended to involve any attempt on the part of the Four-Powers, if not to impose their will on other States, at least to establish themselves as a kind of directory in Europe. Such a conception would be entirely foreign to the principles of the covenant which recognises the equal right of all States just as in appropriate cases it requires their unanimity. I have been at pains to explain the attitude of His Majesty's Government in this matter to the representatives of the other Powers. and particularly to Belgium and Poland and the Little Entente. By the form which the proposed agreement has finally assumed, I am confident that any such erroneous impression will be completely eradicated. In this connection I may refer in particular to the last paragraph of the preamble which especially states that the Four-Powers are mindful of the rights of every State which cannot be affected without the consent of the interested party. There can, therefore, be no possible doubt that the object of the agreement is to ensure that over many years to come. France, Germany. Italy and ourselves may agree in Europe upon the same policy of peace. That is the object which must be generally approved and it is entirely consistent with the aim and the spirit of the League Covenant and with due respect for the rights of other Powers.

Referring to the article 2 of the agreement which makes special mention of articles 10, 16 and 19 of the League Covenant, Sir John Simon points out that the agreement while contemplating quadrilateral examination in respect of methods of procedure is expressly stated to be without prejudice to the decisions which can only be taken by regular organs of the League of Nations."

ONE MILLION RANSOM

PIRATES' DEMAND PRICE FOR BRITON'S RELEASE

Dairen, June 10.

The threat that the Manchukuo or the Japanese troops will annihilate the pirate gang holding the three Britons if the release of the kidnapped men was held up any longer was made by Councillor Wang of the Bengtien Government.

This was followed by an exorbitand demand by the kidnappers for 1,000,000 dollars, whereupon Mr. Wang met the bandits and offered on behalf of the Manchukuo Government 3 ,000 dollars for the release of the captives adding the threat that if vacillation continued stronger action would be taken.

CLEVER PROPAGANDA BY DIEHARDS

GLARING DEFECTS IN WHITE PAPER

I. C. S. GOVERNORS NOT WANTED

FINANCIAL BANKRUPTCY FEARED

'BY SIR CHAMANLAL SETALVAD'

The want of necessary courage on the part of Government both here and in London is largely responsible for the present situation. I see that very clever propaganda is being carried on to show that the diehards are gaining strength. I do not believe that is the position; but even if it is, we cannot allow it to be used as a reason for keeping the White Paper scheme unaltered so far as its glaring defects are concerned. If the British Government feels that it cannot remain in power if it sponsored a scheme of reforms which can appeal at least to the moderate section of opinion in India, it is better that it falls on that issue and leaves the choice of a new Government to the British electors.

This being the position I must advocate a radical change in the outlook of the British Government and of those in authority in India.

VITAL DEFECTS MANY

Let us agree that the scheme of reforms must be such as to promote the best interests of India and to my mind the promotion of British interests will be consequential to it.

The White Paper scheme suffers from many a vital defect. It does not envisage a period when India, may assume power over her defence and over her foreign policy; it does not provide machinery for making this transformation feasible within a measurable time.

HUGE SPECIAL POWERS

The scheme puts into the hands of the Governor-General and of the Governors enormous powers, both in the reserved sphere and in the sphere of special responsibility. These powers may prove less dangerous if the spirit behind those who would work it were of the proper type. But this cannot be, so long as you recruit your Governors in all Provinces barring the three presidencies from the Civil Service. It would be more easy for such a Governor to make the new constitution live up to his tradition. He would instinctively create situations for making and unmaking ministries and justifying the exercise of his special powers. And in this task he would have the assurance that the district and the secretariat officials who belong to his service would live up to his expectation.

BANKRUPTCY FEARED

The scheme will lead surely to financial bankruptcy. I cannot conceive of any province or any central government that could visualize the possibility of development on beneficent lines without cutting down its administrative bill. This it will not have the power to do, for, if levelling down of expenditure is to be undertaken it must be all along the line; otherwise the lower services would be demoralised. And the superior service's bill cannot be touched now, or in the future.

And, as if this is not enough, the right of retirement on proportionate pension is to be extended indefinitely and the idea of commuting pensions of those who have already retired and of those who may retired hereafter is being seriously considered.

It is easy to blame Indians for lack of appreciation but I maintain that the spirit of distrust underlying the White Paper scheme and the restrictions forged will make it unworkable.

WHAT WE CAN'T HAVE

The changes that are imperative to improve the constitutional scheme [illegible] been en[illegible]nciated in the state- [illegible] the signatures of a large number of public men of weight from Bombay and other places. We cannot have a constitution which leaves our future development undefined; we cannot have a government whose administrative machinery is in charge of an outside authority; we cannot have a government in which the head will hold the master key and make or unmake a government chosen by the people; we cannot have a constitution in which expenditure is committed beyond all hope of substantial reduction.

GOVT. LEAD WANTED

The Government have fought the Congress successfully. They had to do it as the Congress policy of direct action was negation of all ordered Government. But having broken the Congress organisation for the time being we find that the authority that has done so has assumed that, as victors, it has the right now to defy all public opinion.

We cannot otherwise conceive why Government decline to release the members of the Working Committee to enable them to reconsider their programme, and why they are not prepared to respond to the demand of moderate opinion in the country for the removal of some of the glaring defects of the White Paper scheme. Those who do not belong to the Congress differ from it in the method of political agitation, but they are none the less anxious to secure for India a real instrument for national progress on constitutional lines.

Government alone can improve the atmosphere. The lead must come from it; and if it comes, there will be a most generous response to it. Government firmly exercised their powers on the score of national necessity. Public opinion silently yielded to the exercise of that power. Now, therefore, the responsibility for the new lead rests entirely on Government.

A WARNING

I would end by warning those in authority that they will be caught once again in the whirlpool if they are not able to put into force by the end of 1934 a constitution which will satisfy the fundamental tests we have laid down. If they produce such a constitution they will for ever cement the good relations between England and India to great mutual benefit. If they do not, there will be little left to repair in the mutual relationship of the two countries. Faith and courage of character which Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman displayed in dealing with South Africa is the need of the moment.—(Roy's weekly).

"Opposites make the happiest marriages," maintains a writer. We've often noticed that domestic arguments are very rare when the wife is large and the husband small.

• • • •

"There is nothing worse than a seaside landlady's arithmetic," wails a boarder. Unless it's her geography.

• • • •

A fifty-foot hose was stolen from the toolshed in a suburban garden. One particularly improbable theory is that an early bird saw the thing curled up in a corner and mistook it for a large worm that had over-slept itself.

• • • •

One of the gorillas in a private zoo uses a knife and fork and has its food served on a large plate. It has a very poor opinion of visitors who eat out of paper bags.

GENTLEMEN PREFER VAMPS

FAITHFULNESS TRIUMPHS AT LAST

Budapest, (By mail)

Gentlemen may sometimes prefer "vamps," but faithfulness triumphs in the long run, as this story proves.

Sandor Gabor was the uncrowned king of Budapest's night life, and proprietor of the Papagaj night club, one of the smartest in Budapest. When he disappeared one morning and couldn't be found, it was evident that he had "vanished" to get away from his money troubles.

Business had been at a low ebb all through the winter, guests at the Papagaj were few.

DARK BEAUTY

It was at first feared that he had committed suicide, but on the same evening there was another disappearance—Mariette Ehn, the beautiful dark, lithe girl who was the chief attraction of the dance floor.

Her mother said her unexpected departure had nothing to do with Gabor's disappearance. Mariettee had gone to Athens, where she had several engagements.

But beside the woman who followed him, there was another in Gabor's life—the one he left behind. Bessie Sinko had also danced at one of Gabor's night clubs in the "good days," and had been established by him in a flat.

In fact, they had lived in happy domesticity for nearly ten years. That it was an unofficial domesticity was due to the fact that years ago Gabor, then quite a young boy, married a girl in the provinces who refused to divorce him.

But Bessie didn't mind. She loved Gabor, he loved her, she felt sure of him, until.

Until Mariette came along. After that Gabor had eyes only for the dark dancer, And when Mariette went to Athens, everybody, including the police, knew that Gabor could be looked for in the Greek capital, too.

The Greek police duly found him, but Gabor's offences were not of such a nature as to warrant his extradition. As long as he was in Greece he was safe.

Meanwhile, Bessie Sinko, who had been obliged to find a job again, went about telling every body that Gabor would surely come back and pay all his liabilities. It was only his mad infatuation for Maritte.

Bessie spoke to all the creditors, cajoled, persuaded, and organised Gabor's many friends—for he was the most popular figure in Budapest night life—to make a collection for him.

MARIETTE RETURNS

Every night, hostesses, dancers, waiters, barkeepers, all the people who make a living out of the gay nights of Budapest, gave a little of their scant earnings to Bessie Sinko's collection.

Then one fine day in March, Mariete Ehn returned from Athens—alone. To the police who interviewed her, she said:

"Yes, I did meet Gabor in Athens—accidentally. He is down and out. I have nothing more to do with him. I danced in Athens, and that's all there is to say."

And Mariette tossed her pretty dark head refusing to volunteer further information on the subject.

Three days later the papers announced that Gabor had been in Budapest for a day under an assumed name. He had been staying at a little hotel, and tall dark lady, whose description fitted Mariette, had visited him. Loud words had been heard from his room, then the tall dark dame had rushed from the hotel.

An hour later the man had paid his bill and driven to the station. Investigation soon showed that he had gone to Vienna, where, again, he was in safety.

SPURNED

Mariette was questioned again. Yes, Gabor had been here—he had telephoned her, and she had seen him. He had tried to persuade her to fly with him—start life anew somewhere abroad.

But he had very little money, and Mariette had not chosen to follow a ruined man.

Next morning the dwellers on the top floor of the New York Building, one of the highest in Budapest, noticed a strange figure roaming about the stair case and passages a woman in a white evening dress, moving about uncertainly, clinging to the banisters, looking down into the deep gulf of the yard...

The housemaid in the apartment belonging to Dr. Joseph Farago, who had at one time been Gabor's legal adviser knew Bessie Sinko by sight, and recognised her in the white-robed woman.

She spoke to her, and when the girl did not answer took her arm and tried to lead her inside the apartment.

"Leave me alone" shrieked Bessie, "let me die!" And she tried to tear herself away from the hands that held her, and to throw herself down into the yard.

Others came to the help of the housemaid and they managed to lead Bessie Sinko into the lawyer's flat. He calmed her. and presently she sobbed out *her* story.

"I put up with everything, because I loved him, and I always hoped he would come back to me. But when I heard he had been in town and only wanted to see her, never even ringing me up . . . that was too much. I never drink, but I did last night—and if your maid hadn't caught my arm just then I should be lying in the yard dead by now—and everything would be over."

The lawyer persuaded her that Gabor would come back to her in the end. He advised her to go to Vienna and see Gabor.

The best thing she could do, he said, would be to persuade him to come back and face the music. His offence was not very grave and Bessie's "collection" would suffice to satisfy the most bloodthirsty creditors, and the rest would wait.

Bessie went to Vienna, found Gabor, and brought him home in triumph.

"I have done with Mariette for good," he said. "Would I had always remained faithful to Bessie!

"As long as I had any money it was all right between me and Mariette; but when it was gone she threw me off. Me for Bessie in the future—and she'll be the happiest of women as soon as I get out of this mess!"

WEEKLY HARVEST OF WISDOM

(Continued from page 1)

and its students are working as road-menders. Consequent on the constant use during the Jehol war a big road had been altogether impaired and the warscare had made the service of labourers impossible. Hearing of this the students of the university are said to have laid down their books for pick-axes and mended the road.

Another message from Ootacamund in our country says that the experiment of piecing out plots of lands to educated young men to be solely cultivated by them has been a tremendous success. This has induced the Government to push their experiment still further and thus try to solve the problem of middle-class unemployment considerably. The educated labourers are said to work more interestedly and intelligently and are capable of better work on the whole than illiterate labourers. Truly, the development of the brain can never enervate the hand. On the other hand, the strength of the one will contribute to the superiority of the other. But there is another trouble. The future seems, in that case, to be all bright for educated labourers and all gloomy for illiterate labourers. Of course, a solution that would satisfy both must needs be discovered!

Among British railways, the London Midland and Scottish is the biggest employer of labour, with a staff of 224,839.

• • • •

Austria has only two inhabitants with incomes of £30,000 or more. Only one-third of the population pay income tax, the average yearly income among the payers being £90.

• • • •

London's transport systems—trains, tubes, and omnibuses—carried 2,236,000,000 passengers last year. Huge as this figure is, it shows a decrease on 1931.

The Photo News Agency

Press, Commercial and Publicity Photographers

26, GENERAL PATTERS ROAD, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

We execute Bromide enlargements in Black and White, in Sepia, or in natural Colours.

Photographs of all important functions are taken free of charge for publication in the leading Newspapers in India and abroad.

Long Short Story

THE MAN WHO BECAME A BOY AGAIN

(BY THE RT. HON. WINSTON S. CHURCHILL)

After so many sad stories our readers may be glad to turn to a comedy which is also a philosophical romance.

It is 50 years since Anstey published his "Vice Versa," and this gay and human book has now reached its 47th impression. It is rightly described as "a lesson to fathers," and though it applies more directly to homes from which boys are sent to boarding-schools it none the less carries a message of guidance and of warning to every father of a growing boy.

In January, 1881, Mr. Paul Bultitude, a substantial City merchant, had just finished his dinner, and was waiting somewhat uneasily for the much-desired moment when his eldest son, Dick, would be safely packed off again to school. Mr. Bultitude had felt the holidays very trying with this big boy rampaging about the house.

He had found rabbits and white mice in the boy's bedroom, and some of the mice had actually invaded his own bathroom, so he had had them all drowned, and Dick had seemed strangely distressed.

A heavy fall of snow had delayed the opening of school, and the testy father had had to endure another week of his son's presence. What a relief it would be to have him safely back at Crichton House, Dr. Grimstone's admirable school at Market Rodwell!

It was a raw, foggy evening, and the butler, Boaler, had gone to find a cap. Dick's luggage was packed and corded in the hall. All that remained was a brief "Good-bye."

But even this was disturbing to our comfortable City man, who at fifty-one liked his cigar and cup of coffee undisturbed.

He is, we are told, a man of a certain obstinate positiveness which might denote an unusually strong will, or merely perhaps that by some fortunate chance his will had met no opposition.

The door opened. In came Dick—awkward, shy, and in very low spirits. The golden sands of the holidays had run out and another long bleak term at Crichton House loomed inhospitably before him. The father hastened get the interview over. But the cab did not come. There was some delay. Mr. Bultitude was full of alarm lest his son should miss the train. He found fault with everything the boy did, like kicking the table, eating the ginger of the dessert, breathing heavily, etc.

Presently Dick asked him for pocket-money. "Pocket-money!" said Mr. Bultitude. "Why, you can't want money. Didn't your grandmother give you a sovereign as a Christmas-box? And I gave you ten shillings myself."

"I do want it, though," said Dick. "That's all spent, and you know you always give me money to take back."

"If I do give you some you'll only spend it," said Mr. Bultitude; and pulling out of his pocket a handful of gold and silver, he very deliberately handed his son a florin, two shillings, and two sixpences.

"There," he said, "don't spend it on any foolishness. Perhaps in the term, if you write me an intelligible letter, I will send you more. Where is the cab?"

But the cab had not come, and Dick was sadly disappointed by the gift.

He had another request to make.

He had found a queer little stone which his uncle, Marmaduke Paradine, had brought home some years before from India, and which Mr. Bultitude had always regarded as a piece of trash. Dick asked to be allowed to keep it. Is it not called a Pagoda stone? Is it not a talisman? He would like to have it very much. But Mr. Bultitude was not in a giving vein.

"What could you want with a thing like that?" he said. "How ridiculous! Give it to me."

A STONE OF DESTINY

Dick surrendered the insignificant-looking little square tablet of grey-green stone, pierced at one angle, and having on two of its faces faint traces of mysterious letters or symbols, which time had made very difficult to distinguish; and Mr. Bultitude took it in his hands.

He did not like Marmaduke Paradine, his brother-in-law. He was a shaby character, and Mr. Bultitude had more than once, for the sake of his own wife (now dead); helped her brother out of disreputable financial trouble, and even worse.

Certainly he would keep the charm—rubbish though it was. He remembered now that it had been called "The Garuda Stone."

But Dick was so distressed at his father's harshness and evident impatience to see him gone that he began to cry. Mr. Bultitude, who was a good father as fathers go, softened, and began to talk to the boy on the joys of boyhood, the advantages of education, the excellent schooling of Crichton House, and the strong character of Dr. Grimstone.

Brushing aside Dick's interjected appeal that he might go after that term to Harrow or Marlborough, Mr. Bultitude warmed to his theme, and "Going back to school," he said, "is one of those petty troubles all boys have to go through.

"And you mark my words, my boy, when they go out into the world and have real trials to put up with, and grow middle-aged men, like me, why, they see what fools they've been, Dick; they see what fools they've been.

DEVASTATING CHANGE

"All the—hum, the innocent games and delights of boyhood, and that sort of thing, you know—come back to them, and then they look back to those hours passed at school as the happiest, aye, the very happiest time of their life!"

"Well," said Dick, "then I hope it won't be the happiest time in mine, that's all! And you may have been happy at the school you went to perhaps, but I don't believe you would care very much about being a boy like me again and going back to Grimstone's, you know you wouldn't!" His father accepted the challenge.

"Perhaps you will believe me," he said impressively, "when I tell you, old as I am, and much as you envy me. I only wish, at this very moment, I could be a boy again, like you. Going back to school wouldn't make me unhappy, I can tell you."

As he spoke these unlucky words he felt a slight shrinking, a shiver passed across him, and the chair seemed larger. But he was not aware yet that anything had happened to him.

He was astonished, however, at the behaviour of his son. Dick, after staring as if thunderstruck, had been seized with an uncontrollable fit of giggling.

"I am not aware," said Mr. Bultitude, "that I have been saying anything particularly ridiculous. You seem to be amused."

"Don't!" gasped Dick. "It isn't anything you're saying—it's, it's—oh, can't you feel any difference?"

Mr. Bultitude was offended. "The sooner you're off the better," he said.

"Get up and look at yourself in the glass," said Dick. "It will make you roar!"

BACK TO BOYHOOD

Mr. Bultitude, thinking perhaps he had a smut on his nose, consulted the mirror over the sideboard. But all he saw there was the exact reproduction of his son. Yet the boy was standing where the mirror could not reflect him.

Even now he did not guess his strange position. But when Dick came and stood by his side, and he saw two little tousled-haired, chubby boys in Eton collars, as like as two peas, he was staggered. "Of course, it's the stone!" said Dick. "You wished you were like me, and it's done what you wished!"

Mr. Bultitude, now terrified, still hoped that the talisman would undo what had been done, and, holding the stone, he repeated with great earnestness, "I wish I was the man I was five minutes ago—I wish all this had not happened," and so on.

But nothing changed.

"Perhaps," said Dick, who had become most cheerful, "it's one of those talismans that only give you one wish. I may as well try it. Give it to me."

"Take it," said Paul. "Take it, and wish your poor old father himself again."

"I suppose," asked Dick, "when you are yourself again, things will go on just as usual? you will go on sitting here, and I shall go back to Grimstone's?"

"Of course, of course!" said Paul. "But do get on!"

The boy, his eyes sparkling with excitement and mischief, inquired whether if he were to wish himself a man as his father had been ten minutes ago, that would not put everything right.

"Are you mad?" cried his father. "Do you mean to defy me? I tell you I will have that stone! Give it up this instant!"

But Dick drew himself up. "Stand out of my way!" he cried excitedly. "I am going to do it! I wish I were a man like you were just now!" And in a second he swelled into the exact image of Mr. Paul Bultitude a few moments before.

Hard upon this came the butler, with the cab.

SCHOOL ONCE AGAIN

If Mr. Bultitude had kept his head, he might still, with his authority, his knowledge, and his grown-up manner, have convinced Boaler that a prodigious transformation had taken place.

But he was so flabbergasted and confused that he failed to rise to the occasion. He made wild efforts to explain, and finally collapsed in something like a faint, from which he revived only to find himself rattling off in the four-wheeler towards St. Pancras Station.

He clamoured to the cabby to return, but this worthy, who knew him and his father well, and understood he was to take him back to school, drove steadfastly on. Paul rummaged his pockets for money to persuade him.

All he found was such articles as a stumpy silver pencil-case, a gilt jew's harp, a broken tin soldier, a lump of sticky toffee, and a purse with one florin, two shillings, and two sixpences in it.

By now he was at the station. He would hire another cab and go back. But Fate closed in upon him.

One of Dick's school-mates, a pale-faced little boy with freckles, greeted him cordially.

"How beastly it is going back to school, but come and get the luggage labelled."

Mr. Bultitude shook him off and marched towards a hansom which he saw approaching. Out of the hansom stepped no less a person than his son's schoolmaster, Dr. Grimstone, a dark, formidable, bearded man with an air of frosty heartiness.

Paul remembered with a pang that he had arranged that Dick should go back with the doctor, who was accustomed to travelling down on these occasions with some of his pupils.

"Ha! Bultitude, my boy, how are you?" he called. "Have you your ticket? No? There you are; take care of it."

PEPPERMINTS

Mr. Bultitude had often seen Dr. Grimstone, but in a very different relationship.

The private schoolmaster, in his deferential attention to a parent's wishes, had never struck him as terrifying, but now in this small frame and ridiculous garments, as they seemed to him, his heart failed him He could not face the admittedly appalling difficulties of making an explanation.

He would wait for a suitable occasion; but it dit not come.

The next stage of his descent into the infernal shades was passed in the railway carriage with the doctor and half-a-dozen boys.

The awful part of Mr. Bultitude's punishment or misfortune was that he talked exactly like a grown-up man, and his pompous phrases and paternal sentiments issuing from chubby lips astounded Dr. Grimstone and electrified the boys.

Both master and pupils thought he was indulging in an elaborate form of cheek. When he endeavoured to impress the doctor with his commercial knowledge and turned the subject to the condition of the camphor crop, Dr. Grimstone snubbed him into silence.

When he complained irritably of the window being open, the schoolmaster closed it with dangerous politeness.

But when he detected the smell of peppermint, of which he had a peculiar loathing, and pointed the offender out to the doctor, matters became serious. The boys, who up to then had been delighted with his bravado, regarded him as a sneak and a traitor.

Dr. Grimstone, however, approved of telling tales, and always encouraged this practice. He praised Mr. Bultitude for his sense of moral duty, extracted five packages of sweets from the delinquent, whose name was Coggs, and cast them in wrath out of the window.

One of the strictest rules of Crichton House was that no private supplies of any kind should be taken back by the boys. In stern and majestic phrases Dr. Grimstone aroused Coggs to the sense of his guilt and warned him of the reckoning which awaited him on the morrow.

Thus Mr. Bultitude's entry upon school life was inauspicious. Dick had been most popular with them. Rather a dare-devil, always in trouble, frequently caned, he nevertheless was liked and admired by his companions for his pluck, his fighting qualities, and his inextinguishable jollity.

What had come over him now? Had he really lost all sense of schoolboy honour? As they walked in the darkness on the way from the station to the schoolhouse, the infuriated Coggs and his companion Coker invited him to swear to behave like a decent fellow or take the consequences.

Mr. Bultitude was irritated. He rebuked them in suitable terms, so they kicked him as hard as they could and twisted his arms till he squealed with pain.

He broke from them at last and rushed for refuge into the school itself, where he immediately found himself surrounded by other boys who had arrived by earlier trains.

BREAKFAST SHOCK

He was thus effectively incorporated in the system. Of course, he felt sure it could not last. He would pull himself together and make full explanation to the doctor.

But he was now thoroughly cowed and kept on putting off the moment and waiting for a more favourable chance.

After a scanty supper of bread and scrape washed down with cold water, he passed an odious night in the dormitory.

His act of treachery had gone the rounds. He was flicked with towels and otherwise tormented, and when at last he dropped off to sleep, the mattress was let down by artful malice and he awoke aghast at the shock.

He arose early the next morning, made his toilet before the others, and went down to the so-called dining-hall, for he now had a youthful appetite. He remembered with a sense of relief that he had always paid extra for his son to have meat for breakfast.

A rasher to bacon and a nice fried egg seemed most desirable. All that was placed before him was two cold oily sardines, in their headless squalor.

We cannot attempt to record all his experiences at Crichton House, but the reader very soon will see how he became the heir to all Dick's previous misdeeds, and added to them a whole set of other offences of his own.

He appeared to the masters an insufferable prig, and to the boys a sneaking cad.

HIS BOX OF TROUBLE

When the whole school was assembled to see justice done upon the naughty Coggs for sucking the peppermints, Mr. Bultitude trembled at the lithe brown cane which Dr. Grimstne wielded with a practised hand. When the school-master praised him publicly for his manly courage in denouncing a breach of the rules, while poor Coggs went yelping to his bedroom, Mr. Bultitude trembled again at the fierce looks all the boys, many of whom were bigger than he, turned towards him.

When they were all set to unite their boxes that they might be searched, he remembered that he had given the strictest instructions to his cook and his housekeeper that Dick was not to be given any cakes or sweets to take back to school.

But when the box lay open he found it full of forbidden luxuries—straw-berry jam, toffee; ginger wine—all glared up at him!

He hurriedly endeavoured to conceal these before the inspection. But it was not to be.

The head boy, Tipping, came along. He saw and gloated.

"So you're the sneak," he said in effect, "who got us into all this trouble! And here's your own box full. I'll help you carry it up myself." With trembling hands he was made by Dr. Grimstone to unlock the box. The awful evidence of his crime staggered the doctor.

Still, according to his system, Dr. Grimstone felt he owed something to a pupil who had turned informer. Even though guilty himself, it was a sign of repentance, Instead of flogging him, he sent him to his bedroom.

There he found the wretched Coggs still writhing and whimpering from his caning, and Coggs set upon him with revengeful pugnacity. He passed another miserable night in the dormitory. He made several efforts to tell his story to the doctor.

All were authoritatively brushed aside before he could even struggle through half a dozen meaningless sentences.

THWARTED ESCAPE

One hope remained—escape. He had still his five shillings. That would purchase a single fare.

He was standing at the edge of the football field, pretending illness, when a small day-boarder accosted him.

"Where is my rabbit?"

"Do you think I keep rabbits concealed about my person?" asked Mr. Bultitude. "I'm not a conjurer!"

But the boy persisted. "I want my rabbit. I paid you two shillings for it."

He called others to his aid. A group gathered. Other claims were presented. Several mice for which prepayments had been made, were demanded.

He remembered with sorrow the mice and rabbits he had taken from Dick, and which had come to an untimely end.

But the boys were angry at being duped. The assistant master arrived.

"Since you are prevented from doing what you have promised," he said, "you must restore the money."

"No!" cried Paul. "I cannot pay them—not now. If they only give me time they shall have double their money back—wagon-loads of rabbits, the best rabbits money can buy, and a cart-load of mice—some day!"

But justice marched on. His purse was taken from him and the five shillings distributed among the indignant claimants. So now he was penniless.

ENTER MISS DULCIE

The feminine interest in this story is provided by the schoolmaster's attractive daughter, Dulcie. She was in love with Dick, who was about her age; and the head boy, Tipping, was in love with her. But Mr. Bultitude snubbed poor Dulcie unmercifully.

(Continued on next Page)

SANE SENTIMENTS ON SEX

(Continued from page 4)

the state of nutrition is like, the production of semen, and with it the sexual desire, are very slow in disappearing. On the contrary, we know for a fact that consumptives often manifest shortly before death a strongly marked sexual desire, accompanied no doubt, by the secretion of a perfectly serviceable seminal fluid. Another thing to remember is that there are *two* testicles, and that disease seldom attacks both simultaneously. It would appear as if Nature intended to provide in the bilaterality of the organ an additional protective agency.

You are giving yourself a great deal of most unnecessary worry. Failure to copulate successfully during the first weeks of married life, when the woman has retained her virginity up to the time of marriage, is perhaps the rule.

I have known of couples who have lived together for a year or more without there having been a mutual orgasm and many women do not even know that there is such a thing for woman.

• • •

At the marriageable age it will be found that the sexual sense has been developed to such a degree in the average male that it often requires but a thought, a look, or touch for sexual excitement, and but little more for a seminal ejaculation.

LONG SHORT STORY

(Continued from Previous Page.)

"Run away, little Miss Grimstone," he said, "and don't bother me."

Tears stood in Dulcie's grey eyes. Tipping became menacing.

"Why have you been making her angry? If I catch you talking to her again, I'll thrash you."

There had been a great fight the term before, when Dick, although much smaller, had fought for Dulcie and laid Tipping low.

The boys gathered round, and Dulcie herself stood on a form to see the fun—all about her.

But Mr. Bultitude protested most ungallantly that he never wished to speak to her again; that she was nothing to him, and that he gladly renounced all rights to her favour. Everyone was disgusted, and Dulcie fled in shame.

Tipping advanced upon Paul to chastise him for a cur, and Paul, who in Dick's form was quite a strong young fellow, maddened with his sufferings, hit him a tremendous blow. Tipping doubled up in convulsions of pain.

Paul, who had never been to a boarding-school as a boy and had no knowledge of the rules, had hit him below the belt.

Solemnly two lines of boys were formed. Handkerchiefs were knotted and the unlucky merchant was made to run the gauntlet up and down this human avenue till he sank exhausted on the ground.

NEWS FROM HOME

Meanwhile Paul had received a letter from home. His daughter Barbara had written, as she thought, to her brother Dick. Her letter roused in her unhappy father's breast horrible alarms.

Papa romped all day with them now. He hardly ever went to the office. He took them to the circus or the theatre every night.

"The clown was invited to dine with him at the dinner to which Sir Benjamin Bangle (a very important City friend) was coming. What fun it would be to see a clown in his evening dress!"

He could imagine the impression his son would make on his City associates. But worst of all was the postscript:

"I nearly forgot to say that Uncle Duke (Marmaduke Paradine) came the other day and has stayed here ever since. He is going to make Papa's fortune! I believe by a gold mine he knows about somewhere, and a steam tramway in Lapland."

Ruin stared him in the face.

THE BILLET-DOUX

Even this was but the prel[illegible]lude to worse troubles.

On Sunday they went to church, and a forward young lady in a neighbouring pew, with whom apparently Dick had the term before carried on a mild flirtation to tease Dulcie, flicked him a note. It fell at Dulcie's feet as she sat in the pew immediately before him with her father and mother.

Foreseeing much danger and trouble if it were detected, Paul begged her to give it to him. She remained impassive.

The doctor saw the note, picked it up, read it, and turned his blazing eyes upon him.

On the return from church, Mr. Bultitude was summoned to the study. Here in the very room where a few months before he had interviewed Dr. Grimstone about his son's schooling, he now saw himself about to receive a flogging at his hands. However, this time he defended himself effectively.

"Well, sir!" said the doctor, brandishing the note.

"It's very forward and improper—very," said Paul, 'but it's not my fault—I can't help it. I gave the girl no encouragement. I never saw her before in all my life."

"To my own knowledge, Bultitude, she has sat in that pew regularly for a year."

"Very probably," said Paul, "but I don't notice these matters. I'm past that sort of thing, my dear sir."

The doctor was impressed.

"Do you expect me to believe that you are perfectly innocent?"

"Yes, I do", said Paul. "I can't prevent fast young ladies from sending me notes. Why, she might have sent you one!"

"We won't go into hypothetical cases," said the doctor, and the interview terminated.

But only for the moment, for now came forward a boy called Chawner, a biggish boy with a reputation, till Mr. Bultitude's arrival, of being the school sneak.

He had heard the doctor promise Paul a private interview at which his long-delayed explanation was to be made. Chawner feared that this was more tale-telling, and, jealous of his monopoly, he informed Mr. Bultitude that he had a hold over him.

It appeared that Dick had written a note the previous term to this same forward young lady, and that Chawner had intercepted and preserved it.

If Paul went to the doctor Chawner would expose the note. He did so.

Dr. Grimstone, confronted with the proof of Paul's precocious depravity and elaborate lying, was amazed that the world should hold so much wickedness.

Towering over the trembling Paul he pronounced the extreme sentence in his power—"expulsion."

"What!" gasped Paul, "You are going to expel me?"

"Yes," said Dr. Grimstone, "you will go back to that parent you have so wantonly offended."

We have heard of the sensations of the man who was rescued unconscious from drowning and, as he came to, told he had won the Derby sweepstake.

Something like this happened to Paul. He had just enough sense to dissemble his joy.

He passed the night in a comfortable single bedroom on the private side of the house, where he could not contaminate his youthful companions. Although hideous difficulties lay before him, he at last saw himself set free from this awful bondage, and again a chance of facing his undutiful usurping son, if not in his own person at any rate in his own house.

He woke up in high spirits. In a few hours he would be travelling swiftly to London. He made a leisurely toilet.

But when he had dressed Dr. Grimstone entered the room. The doctor, good man, had been wrestling with his conscience during the night, assisted perhaps, a little by the realisation that the expulsion of a pupil meant a reduction of his income. The breakfast-time appeals of his wife and Dulcie had not fallen upon wholly unreceptive ground.

"Bultitude," he said, "before sending you from us I should like to hear from your own lips that you are not altogether without contrition for your conduct."

Paul saw no harm in saying "he very much regretted what had passed," whereupon the doctor, to his dawning horror, declared he would take a lenient view of the case. He would spare him the indignity of expulsion.

Instead of that he would give him a public flogging of the utmost severity in the presence of the whole school.

The hour appointed was eleven o'clock. In vain Paul begged for expulsion; in vain he declared that he had a rooted objection to corporal punishment. "It would not improve me, sir, it would harden me. Expulsion, on the other hand, would make me quite a different being; it would reform me, I assure you, it would indeed."

The doctor was shocked. "To escape a little personal inconvenience you will bring sorrow upon your father's grey head. I shall not oblige you in this. I leave you, sir. We shall meet at eleven."

DULCIE'S LAST STAND

Paul's next visitor was Dulcie. She brought him his breakfast, which included an egg. "It's so strengthening," she remarked. "It's not papa's new cane—I've hidden that, and he lost his horsewhip out riding."

Paul gave sepulchral groans. Dulcie was deeply disappointed at his spirit; she thought him frightfully ungrateful.

"I begged you off expulsion," she said.

"You begged me off!" cried Paul.

"Yes," said Dulcie, "Papa would not change his mind for ever such a long time till I coaxed him. I could not let you go."

"You've done a very cruel thing," said Paul. "For such a little girl as you are, you've done an immense amount of mischief."

"And is that all you say to me?" asked Dulcie, with a little tremble in her voice.

"That is all," said Paul.

"Very well, then," said Dulcie, "I am very sorry I ever did interfere. . . . I'll never look at you, if you want me ever so much . . . and I shall show Tom where I put the new cane—and I only hope it will hurt!"

The reader has now been kept long in expectation of the climax; but it is mercifully averted.

The whole school had been assembled. The miserable City merchant, in the skin of his scapegrace son, was brought before the school for condign chastisement. Dr. Grimstone had finished his preliminary lecture and had gone to fetch the cane, when there was a ring at the bell.

After a long pause Paul was summoned into the study.

"If anything can strike shame and confusion into your soul, Richard," said the doctor, "it will be what I have to tell you now. Your unhappy father is here!"

THE PLOT THICKENS

Dick had not been able to resist the temptation of coming down to see his former schoolmates, and also Dulcie.

Father and son had a fierce encounter. Dick felt far from sure of himself, especially in this atmosphere and surroundings. For a moment he was awed by his father's passion. Then he recollected the Garuda Stone.

He warned his wretched parent that if he should make a scene and an exposure, its occult powers would be again invoked against him. Some one unwittingly would be got to wish that he were in some place far worse than Crichton House.

Paul was petrified by this threat. He meekly promised to keep up appearances; and so when Dr. Grimstone came back there was no confrontation, no disclosures.

Paul was silent. Dick took up the conversation with the headmaster. It did not go well.

MISSED A FLOGGING

When Dick, in his capacity of heavy father, learnt from the doctor the full tale of Paul's supposed gallantries, especially of the note in church, he made the fatuous remark:

". . . the young dog! . . . he'll break my heart if he goes on like this, the young beggar . . . but we mustn't be too hard on him. . . . After all, it's nature, you know, isn't it?"

The doctor was startled. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said stiffly.

Dick saw that he had made a false move, and plunged from that into another.

"Could I see the fellows again, sir, for a minute or two?" he asked. . . . "I mean, I should like to inspect the school, you know."

"Certainly," said the doctor. So Dick, in the form of Mr. Bultitude, looked again upon all the familiar faces of his fellow schoolboys.

He had a word for each which electrified that juvenile company.

"Ah! Biddlecombe, I owe you ninepence. I mean, no, hang it! here's a shilling for you. . . . Hullo, Chawner . . . doing much in the sneaking way lately?"

And finally: "I must be off, you know, got some important business at home this evening. . . . The fellows look very cheery and fit, and all that sort of thing. Enough to make one want to be a boy again almost. . . . Good-bye, you chaps . . . young gentlemen, I wish you good morning."

"Good-bye," he said to the doctor. "I wish I had seen Dulcie. . . . I should have liked to see your daughter, sir. Good-bye, but it cannot be helped."

And then added in a lower tone to his father, who stood by profoundly shocked at his exhibition, "You mind what I told you; don't try any games with me."

When he had gone Dr. Grimstone turned to Paul and asked in a compassionate tone, "You don't happen to know, Paul, my boy, if your father has had any business troubles lately? Anything to disturb him?"

Mr. Bultitude's feelings prevented him from making any intelligible reply.

AWAY AT LAST

At any rate, as a result of the visit he had escaped a flogging, for Dick had persuaded Dr. Grimstone to remit that punishment. But much more than that, Dick had given him a sovereign, one whole, bright, gold sovereign, and once again the possibility of escape burned in the whole soul and being of a frantic man.

The pace of the drama quickens as we approach the end of the story. Mr. Bultitude's escape is thrilling.

After many harassing situations and heartbreaking chances of prevention and recapture, Paul found himself by the aid of a friendly porter, to whom he had given half-a-sovereign, packed away under the seat of a first-class carriage in a train to London.

The train was about to start when two gentlemen insisted on getting into the empty carriage. By an odd coincidence they were city acquaintances of Mr. Bultitude's. They discussed his odd behaviour at his office.

They told how an important client had called upon him and had been saluted by a booby-trap of a wastepaper basket balanced on the halfopened door; how another friend had found him making toffee on the stove with the office boy, etc., etc.

Their words cut Paul with something like the imagined sting, if one can compare physical with mental pain, of Dr. Grimstone's cane.

NEARLY FOUND OUT

At the junction there is an episode. Grimstone is hot on the trail; he had intercepted the train. He is searching it.

He flings open the door of the carriage and peers searchingly around. The cold air blows in; the City gentlemen are annoyed.

"Come in or shut the door," they say.

Grimstone turns upon them in the manner which terrifies the small boys at Crichton House. Hot words pass. The guard undertakes to intervene as peacemaker, and prods under the seat.

He prods Paul in all his tenderest places. But not a sound escapes that stoic.

"I thought I felt something then," said the guard, prodding Paul again. "How dare you!" said one of the gentlemen, "You are destroying a valuable package of mine which I put under the seat." He repulses the guard.

Grimstone advances to the attack; but the two gentlemen are now thoroughly aroused. They, two, mount their high horses. Grown-ups themselves, they are not cowed by the schoolmaster's fierceness. Their authority prevails upon the guard. The door is slammed, the train starts again, leaving the doctor in a frenzy on the platform threatening to horsewhip everybody.

FRIENDS IN NEED

Then one of the passengers noticed that the package which he had thought he put under the seat was safely reposing on the rack. So there was some one under the seat after all!

They again begin to prod, and outcomes Paul. But by now they are entirely on his side. They give him money; they tidy him up.

They see him safely by the ticket-collector, who had had telegraphic instructions to look out for a missing boy, and Paul returns to his own home in Westbourne-terrace after a week of nightmare, which might well have turned the brain of any man.

But the battle is still before him. The whole house is lit up and gaily decorated with Chinese lanterns. The street is crowded with vehicles discharging youthful guests. Four barrel-organs are performing in front of the building. Music and riot rises from within. It is the night of the party.

Paul slips through the front door, and with many precautions takes stock of the situation. Presently, in the smoking-room, he meets his brother-in-law, Marmaduke Paradine.

"Hullo, you young rascal," says that worthy, after some preliminaries. "You've run away from school to come to the party." Mr. Bultitude reminds him of a few deadly episodes in his past career.

A reference to a forged bill which his sister's husband had honoured to save him from gaol convinces Marmaduke that matters are serious.

Pressing his advantage, Paul tells his tale and makes a passionate appeal. It is evident to the reader, though Paul still has hopes, that Marmaduke intends to make quite sure that things remain as they are. More than that, he means to get hold of the Garuda Stone.

THE OLD ORDER AGAIN

Dick comes in drunk after gorging at the supper-table.

"Where is that stone?" says Marmaduke, while Paul crouches in the corner.

But Dick can do nothing. He had been wearing it at his watch-chain upon a sixpenny gilt-fastening.

He has lost it: It may be anywhere—ground to pieces under the traffic of London, or lost for ever in mud and slush. Awful situation.

Then comes an imperious ring at the front doorbell. Paul, emerging from behind a screen, rushes to the window and encounters the stern eye of Dr. Grimstone. Imploring Boaler not to let him in till he can hide, he rushes panicstricken up the stairs. Any refuge will serve. But if all fails, he has in his heart one intense resolve—*not to be taken alive*.

At the top of the stairs he meets his youngest son, Roly, who greets him with delight.

"Buzzer Dicky!" he cries, "tome 'ome to party."

"Let me go, dear," said the anguished father, seeking to disentangle himself from the embraces of his child.

"Look what I've found," says Roly.

"No, not a cwacker, better than a cwacker."

And in the childlike palm squints the Garuda Stone!

At that same moment the stentorian tones of Dr. Grimstone, who had at last effected his entrance, are heard in the front hall below.

After heartbreaking delays Paul peasuades Roly to say, "Papa and Buzzer Dicky back again as they were before."

The transformation is instantaneous. Leaving the terrified child, Mr. Paul Bultitude, after inspecting himself in the glass, walked sedately down the staircase and asked the doctor to what cause he owed the pleasure of his unexpected visit.

BEWARE THE GARUDA STONE

So all came right in the end. The father forgave his undutiful son, and in his turn protected him from punishment.

"Dr. Grimstone," he said, "you will do me a great favour if you will take no further notice of this. . . . I am sure he will apologise to you amply . . . and by the way . . . I intend to send him to Harrow, so he will require some additional preparation; I may leave that in your hands?"

"Papa," said Dick in a choked voice, "you're a brick! I don't deserve it, I don't deserve any of it, but I'll never forget this as long as I live."

To Marmaduke Paradine, Mr. Bultitude said only, "Go!"

Thus Dick went back to Crichton House for the term. He, too, found an evil legacy awaiting him; but, after several stiff fights, he partially wiped out the stains which his companions had found in him.

But Dulcie never forgave him for his cowardice and ingratitude. That was a part of his punishment.

Paul had his difficulties in the City, and there always rested upon him, even after many years, the cloud of having been on one occasion, for a short spell, "a little odd!"

But father and son kept each other's secrets.

As for the Garuda Stone, Paul, in the moment of his deliverance, had flung it far out into the London streets.

If you care to have latest news and fearless views

READ

THE NEW TIMES

THE POPULAR DEMOCRATIC ENGLISH DAILY. If you want to improve your business—Advertise in:—

THE NEW TIMES

THE WIDELY CIRCULATED ENGLISH DAILY

Write for particulars to—

THE MANAGER,

14, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

SAFETY-FIRST MARRIAGE

Brown, who is thirty, married, with two children, earns nearly £400 a year in a City office. A short time ago a South American railroad offered him a job abroad at £750 a year with excellent prospects. When I hastened to congratulate him, he solemnly shook his head, writes Claude F. Luke in "Tit-Bits".

"I sha'n't accept," he said; "I'd have gone like a shot, old man, but there's the wife and kids. You know how it is."

I didn't know how it was, and said so. Into his eyes came a pious look and his face radiated a sanctimonious air of magnificent resignation. His manner said plainly: "See what a noble fellow am I who turns from worldly success for my wife and family."

My spirit raged against him for a liar and a coward. Did he imagine his bland words would deceive anyone, or that his self-righteous pose concealed the fact that he was a "matrimonial objector"?

PUT WORRY AND FEAR AWAY.

You know what a matrimonial objector is, of course? He is the sort of young man who, having feared Life since the day he was born, crawls thankfully into the funk-hole of marriage so that whenever Adventure beckons he can save his craven soul by waving his marriage certificate in the face of Fortune.

His type is a modern epidemic. More and more men are marrying young, and thereafter declining to take the risks which it is believed—quite wrongly—they would have taken if they had remained single. Through them marriage is being blamed for the lost spirit of adventure of modern Youth.

Actually, marriage puts nothing into a man that is not already there. It only emphasizes existing tendencies. A man who lives soft when he is single will live softer still in wedlock. If a man is afraid of life as a bachelor, he will be scared to death as a husband. On the other hand, if he is a fighter, ambitious, hard-working and adventurous before marriage, then assuredly he will be all these and more for the sake of his wife and children.

It used to be said that a wife cramped her husband's ambitions because it was a womanly instinct to keep the home intact, to play for safety. To-day, it is the young husband more than his wife who is to blame for his cabbage existence.

Wherever I go I meet young wives who are more than ready to stake their security against greater rewards and a richer life, whether it is starting a small business, or emigrating, or urging their men to throw up a "safe" post to become their own masters.

Frankly, it amuses me, a young married man, to hear all this talk of safety-first marriages. Five years ago I married at the age of twenty-two: my wife was a year younger. Every day I have searched anxiously for those symptoms of dull security which are supposed to break out in modern marriages. I am still searching.

Our friends generously declared that, with care, our marriage might last six months. We were too young and too frivolous, said others, and anyway it was disgraceful for a man to marry without a job. What they meant was that I lacked a pay-envelope-every-Friday sort of job. I was one of those dangerous, improvident fellows who lived on his wits, writing articles that only occasionally sold. Which was true up to a point.

We had financial "wind-up" for the first two years, possibly because we married on an overdraft. We worked hard and played hard and locked Worry and Fear in the old oak chest along with Aunt Agatha's atrocious wedding present. When a cheque arrived, I would buy my wife a frock, and sometimes she would mortgage her housekeeping money and give me a set of books for which my heart and pocket yearned.

RISK IT!

Once I sold a magazine article for thirty pounds—an unheard-of event at that time. We promptly caught the night train to Paris. It seemed the only thing to do. And for days we sat giggling in comic little cafes, and joining other lovers in the Bois, and eating exciting shell-fish and trying our school-room French on pompous *maitres d'hotel*. We stayed on until we were gloriously broke.

When our elders heard of it, they shook grave heads; the money would have bought something useful, they said. To-day we would not sell the memories of that first Paris "bust" for a million.

We took the most appalling risks. We paid our just debts—but only just. Stark penury was always round the corner. Once, when my passbook looked more anæmic than usual, I remarked that we had to make some extra money somehow. The next evening my wife came home with sparkling eyes. "I've landed a job in a hat shop—two pounds a week. Let's celebrate!" she cried.

I made her resign at once. But for weeks I went about with a warm glow beneath my waistcoat. What need to worry when one's partner was of such stuff? From that moment any small measure of fear I may have had left me for ever. I knew then, and know now, that whatever Life may do to us, fair or foul, and whatever risks I take, or in whatever tight corners I land myself, there will be steadfast loyalty and no reproaches.

My case is not at all exceptional. Scores of young married men of my acquaintance—artists, writers, small shopkeepers, poultry farmers, young doctors and struggling young actors—are all in the same glad boat. We are all lucky in our wives, who find it a thrilling business (bless their hearts!) sharing the knocks and the plums that come our way.

I may be wrong, but that is my notion of marriage as it should be.

If ever my marriage deteriorates into a condition of dull security, if ever we began to assume the safety-first existence of the domestic cabbage, if my wife asked me to adopt the black-jacket-and-striped-trousers outlook, if she began to take seriously the petty conventions and pompous humbug of the middle class—then you would find me rolling down to Reno in the mo-or-ning.

PLEASE APPLY TO:

Messrs. SPARTAN & Co.

PHOTO PROCESS ENGRAVERS AND RUBBER STAMP MAKERS.

156, BROADWAY, MADRAS.

TRY ONCE

ANY RUBBER STAMP

	Rs. A. P.
With Cushion and Self Ink Pad	2 4 0
Office Outfit Rubber Stamps. a set of 14 in one Box	1 8 0
Brass Wax Seal	1 4 0
Silver Wax Seal	2 0 0

	Zinc. Rs. A. P.	Copper. Rs. A. P.
Line Block within 8 Sq. Inches the Minimum Size	1 8 0	4 0 0
Do. Per Sq. Inch	0 3 0	0 8 0
Halftone Block within 8 Sq. Inches the Minimum Size	2 0 0	3 0 0
Do. Per Sq. Inch	0 4 0	0 6 0

DRAWING CHARGES EXTRA

"ADI'S MUSIC BOOKS"

ADI
Tyagaraja Hridayam
(Approved by the Text-Book Committee.)

A monumental work in 3 vols. of about 500 pages each, size D. C. 16 mo., Superior paper, printing and binding. Published separately in Tamil and Telugu.

The volumes contain 225 Kritis of Saga Tyagaraja with meanings, short annotations, notes on Ragas and complete Swarams for each Kriti.

The cost of one set of 3 Volumes is Rs. 10 and each volume separately costs Rs. 4. (Postage extra)

ADI
Sangita Rasarnavam
(Approved by the Text-Book Committee.)

This is a practical book of music containing a number of miscellaneous Keertanams selected from the compositions of the famous authors, such as Sri Tyagaraja, Dikshitar, Sadasiva Row, Garbhapurivasar, Chinnasawmy Iyer, etc., and a collection of Javalies, Padams, Ramayana, Bharatha, Nandanar Keertanams, Kavadi Chindu, Nalayiram, Tevaram and Tiruppugal and such other miscellany indispensable for every student and teachers of music and for all instrumentalists.

Tamil **Price Rs. 2-8-0.**

ADI SANGITA
Sarvartha Chimtamani
A Treasure of Music.

This book contains a number of Kirtanams selected from the composi tions of the famous authors namely-Sri Tyagaraja Dikshitar, Sadasiva Row, Garbhapurivasar, Chinnaswamy Aiyar, Sesha Aiyar, Subramaiyer, Ganam Krishna Aiyar, Pattanam Subramania Aiyar, and such others; and a collection of Javalies, Padams, Nandanar charitram, Nalayiram. Tevaram, Kavadichindu; and such other delicious miscellany indispensable for every student and teachers of music and all Vocalists and instrumentalists.

Tamil **Price Rs. 2-8-0.**

ADI
Sangita Ratnavali
(Approved by the Text-Book Committee.)

This is a Music Self-Instructor. It explains the Rudiments of Swaram, Ragam & Thalam; and on the practical side treats Swaravali, Alankaram, Geetam, Swarajati, Thanavarnam and 50 Tyagaraja Keertanams and 16 Patnam Subramanya Aiyar Keertanams, with notes and Swarams. Good Paper and Calico Bound.

Tamil **Price Rs. 3.**

ADI PANDURANGA
Bhakta Vijayam

This book contains several halftone pictures on glazed paper of many a holy saint and shrine which grace the book and fascinate the eye.

This book teaches us, all the Lives and Teachings of the Divine Saints of Pandarpur, such as Sri Jayadev Tulasi Das, Kabirdas, Tukaram and many others. The book in your possession will be an ever vigilant monitor, preventing you from straying away from the path of Dharma.

In the hands of ladies the book will act as a charm that will exorcise all worldly vices from them, even thoughts whereof will not haunt their minds.

The Book acts as a balm to the troubled mind and enables the possessor to pass his or her days in cheerfulness and joy. A study of this Book helps the reader to accomplish all the objects in life.

In Telugu and Tamil, Each Rs. 6.

ADI
Tyagaraja Keertanams

This is a text-book of Tyagaraja Swami's Keertanams in 6 parts, with 6 Life-like pictures. This book contains 650 Keertanams. It has also an Index of Ragas and Keertanams.

Tamil and Telugu **Each Rs. 3.**

ADI
Sangita Chitrambari
(Approved by the Text-Book Committee.)
Worth having in every Indian Home.

A treatise containing a large collection of Hindustani and Parsi songs and English Notes, with Swarams and a translation of Sahityas, etc.

Tamil **Price Re. 1**

Books on Wit & Humour:—

	Rs. A.
1. Devaloka Criminal Case or A Trial of Celestial Beings in Devas' Court in Tamil	1 4
2. Vedanta Criminal Case or a A Trial of Body & Soul, in Yama's Court in Tamil	1 4
3. Vinoda Rasamanjari by Mr. S. Anavarata Vinayakam Pillai Avl., M. A., L. T. Prose (Students' Edition) in 3 parts. Each part in Tamil	0 12

ADI
Sangita Sudambudhi
(Approved by the Text-Book Committee.)

A text-book on Hindu Music in Telugu, which is a Self-Instructor to learn Harmoniam etc., The Three chapters in the beginning of this book are devoted to explain the rudiments of Swaram, Ragam and Thalam respectively and the other chapters are devoted to the practical side of the art such as Swaravali, Alankaram, Geetam, Swarajati, Thanavarnam, Keertanams, etc. An alphabetical list of a number of useful raghas that are in vogue is also appended.

Telugu. **Price Rs. 3.**

ADI
Gana Bhaskaram
A Masterly Production on Hindu Music

Telugu **Price Rs. 7.**

Bharata Keertanams

Containing 18 Parwams as Keertanams.

Tamil. **Price Rs. 3-8-0**

Books on Science (Astrology):—

Adi Jataka Rahasyam (in Prose with Pictures of Navagrahams and their Stotrams.)

Tamil. **Price Rs. 6-0-0**

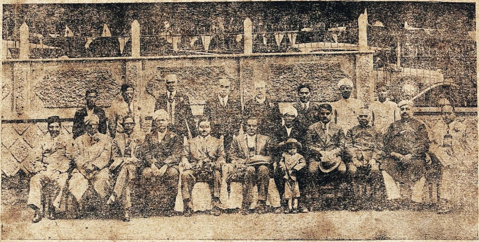
M. ADI & Co., Publishers of Music Books, Esplanade, **MADRAS.**

REGISTERED NO. M. 2872

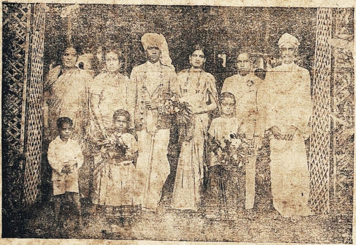
PRICE 6 PIES

The Sunday Observer

VOL. I   MADRAS, SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1933   NO. 17.



Chief Minister and Mayor Entertained: Rao Sahib Chinnu Pillai gave a tea party at Ootacamund in honour of the Hon. the Rajah of Bobbili, Chief Minister, and the Kumararajah of Chettinad, Mayor of Madras.



Intercaste Marriage: Mr. S. R. Dowray of Madras and Miss Sundari Bai whose marriage was solemnised at marriage recently. Our photo shows the bridal group.

New High Court Judge: Mr. K P. Gopala Menon, Bar-at- Law, the newly appointed Judge of the Travancore High Court.

Nellore Ladies' Club: Srimathi N. Vijaya Bai (wife of Mr. N. Lakshmana Rao, Treasury Deputy Collector, Nellore) was given a farewell entertainment by the members of the club.

Vizagapatam Tennis Champions: Miss Tubba and Mr. C. Sundararao Naidu who won the Mixed Doubles title in the Vizagapatam Club Tennis Tournament.

Printedand Published by M. Pandurangam, at the "Chandra Press," 39, Chinnatambi St., G. T., Madras. Editor: P. Balasubramania Mudaliar.